TAWNY SPAIN

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

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TAWNY SPAIN

By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor

It is of the Spain of to-day that Mr. Chatfield-Taylor writes with discerning and interpretative pen. Peasants and nobles, the sports and industries, the gay and sober sides of Spanish life, all live in his interesting pages. There are especially delightful chapters that deal with some of the old cities—Granada, Cordova, Seville, and Madrid.

'Tawny Spain' is delightfully illustrated with etchings by Ada G. Williamson, who has admirably shown the contrasts between old and modern Spain.

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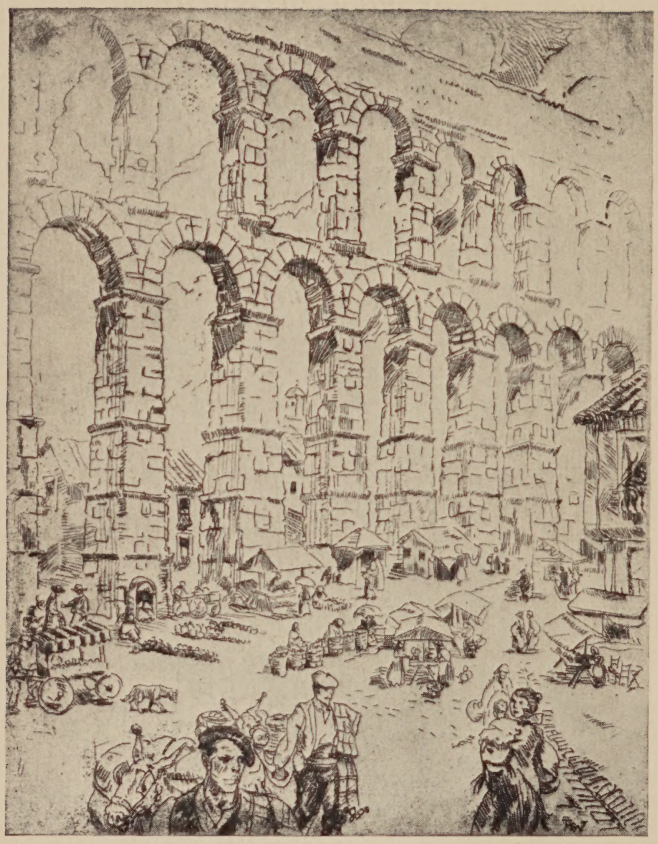

AQUEDUCT AT SEGOVIA

TAWNY SPAIN

BY

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
ETCHINGS BY
ADA C. WILLIAMSON

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1927

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The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST
Act I, Scene 1

PREFACE

WHILE *The Cosmopolitan* was owned and edited by Mr. John Brisben Walker, I wrote for that magazine a series of articles upon Spain. After their appearance they were published in book form by Herbert S. Stone & Co., in 1896, under the title, 'The Land of the Castanet,' and ten years later were republished by Duffield & Co.

These Spanish sketches form the basis of the present book and have been used generously. New material has been added, however, while the book has been curtailed and amended. Following five visits made to Spain since its appearance (two within the past three years) it has been so rewritten that scarcely a sentence remains untouched.

This in itself should warrant a change in title; yet a more cogent reason for discarding the one formerly used is to be found in Mr. Havelock Ellis's sagacious book, 'The Soul of Spain.' 'It is not always agreeable to the Spaniard,' says he, 'to find that dancing is regarded by the foreigner as a peculiar and important Spanish institution. Even Valera, with all his

wide culture, could not escape this feeling; in a review of a book about Spain by an American author, entitled "The Land of the Castanet" — a book which he recognized as full of appreciation for Spain — Valera resented the title. "It is," he says, "as though a book about the United States should be called 'The Land of Bacon.'"

'There is, it need scarcely be said, no analogy,' Mr. Ellis adds; yet there is, I fear, the analogy of giving offense. I wish, therefore, to say that the title to which Señor Valera objected was chosen, not by me, but by the book's first publishers, it having appeared to them as one pleasing to Anglo-Saxon ears.

It is as displeasing to me, however, as it was to Señor Valera in his lifetime; consequently I am glad to be permitted to substitute for it Shakespeare's words, 'Tawny Spain,' so expressive of the sun-browned hills and plains of the Peninsula.

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor

Santa Barbara
September, 1926

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Etchings by Ada C. Williamson

TAWNY SPAIN

I

THE SPANIARD

In the evolution of the proud and chivalrous Spanish race the elements of history have been so clearly defined, so varied in their effect, that each era has left its imprint upon the national character. People of other lands wonder why Spain, the former mistress of the world, a country of delightful climate and fertile soil, surrounded by the sea and an almost impassable rampart of mountains, and seemingly possessed of every blessing which Nature can bestow, should, after centuries of glory, have fallen to the second rank among the nations of the world; yet the cause is to be found in the pages of her history.

There is a limit to the endurance of a nation, and Spain to-day presents the spectacle of a proud warrior who has struggled against overwhelming odds and fallen from sheer exhaustion. Other nations have fought and won their

freedom. The Spaniards have bled as freely as the proudest of them, but their efforts have been frustrated, for they have never known the blessings of freedom as we understand the word; and since they have been a united nation, their tyrannical rulers have not been of Spanish blood, or at least not of Spanish origin. In fact, it is a common saying in Spain that the first Spanish king was the late Alfonso XII. At least, he was the first king of Spanish sympathies whose reign strengthened Spain. Philip II was morbidly Spanish, it is true, but his rule hastened the ruin of his country, a ruin from which it has never recovered.

But before judging harshly the Spaniard of to-day, it is wise to study the effect of each successive era on his character. The earliest known Spaniards were the Celts and Iberians, called collectively the Celtiberians. Their history, or its fragments, even as told by their enemies, is that of the true Spaniard, a history of valor and generosity, of restless vigor and almost heroic endurance, these having been the qualities of the Spanish race in all ages.

Over a thousand years before the Christian era the trading Phœnician established himself

on the south coast of the Peninsula, and after him came the Greek. But both Greeks and Phœnicians were merchants rather than soldiers, and for a long time they made no attempt to extend their possessions beyond the sea-coast. About four hundred and eighty years before Christ, however, some eager spirits met at Gadeira and undertook an expedition into southern Celtiberia. The bold tribesmen not only repulsed the invaders, but invaded in return. Gadeira was threatened with assault, and the frightened inhabitants applied for assistance to the Carthaginians.

Then the real history of Spain began. The Carthaginians possessed themselves of the land, setting an example followed in subsequent centuries whenever foreigners were called to the aid of tottering power in Spain. For two hundred and fifty years they ruled the coast; then Hamilcar Barca and his greater son, Hannibal, overran the Peninsula. Saguntum alone held out, the marvelous resistance of this city marking the first of the sequence of glorious Spanish sieges lasting to the heroic defense of Saragossa against the arms of Napoleon.

In the wars against the Carthaginians, the

Romans became the allies of the Spaniards, and again the ally became the conqueror. But the Romans discovered the heroic spirit of the nation they had betrayed in the person of Viriathus, a Lusitanian shepherd, who seven times in the open field routed the Roman legions. Again they encountered it in the defense of Numantia against the overpowering armies of the Republic; a defense that was carried to such an extremity that the few survivors — men, women, and children — died by their own hand rather than let a single Numantian grace a Roman triumph.

It remained for Julius Cæsar to complete the work of conquest, and Spain became, in Hispania Romana, a Roman province, the effect on the nation of this foreign rule being so complete that it survives to-day in its language, its laws, and many of its customs. She gave emperors and poets to the Empire, and was so thoroughly united to her mistress that modern Spain, more completely than France, is a Latin country.

In the disintegration of the Roman Empire, Spain fell to the lot of the Visigoths; but the final death struggle was delayed for a time by a

typical Spaniard, the devout, passionate, noble-minded emperor, Theodosius, who, as the first inquisitor, was the precursor of Isabella the Catholic, and of Philip II. Theodosius died in 395 A.D., and within five years Alaric was in Italy. Meanwhile tribes of barbarians burst into Spain — Alans, Vandals, and Suevi. Then the Visigoths came, ostensibly to give aid to the Romans, but actually to remain as masters of the land — the Vandals being shoved across the Straits of Gibraltar, the Alans being absorbed, and the Suevi driven into the northwest corner of the Peninsula.

This Visigothic domination of Spain lasted nearly three hundred years — years of debauchery, intrigue, and murder. The Roman luxury they found wrought a degrading change in Spain's barbarian masters. They adopted the veneer of civilization in her vices and luxury and ceased to be warriors. But in the days of the Visigoths the question between Church and State was settled for the centuries that followed; Spain becoming then a hierarchy in which ecclesiastical influence was all-powerful. One great man struggled against this usurpation; but Wamba, best of the Visigothic kings, fell

a prey to ecclesiastical treachery, and Spain passed under the control of the priest, a control to be made lasting by seven centuries of Moorish warfare.

Although scarcely a trace of the Visigoths remains in Spain, beyond a few ruins and some of their multitudinous laws engrafted into the 'Siete Partidas' of Alfonso the Wise, their policy carried on through generations has in more ways than one been the undoing of the land. Besides developing ecclesiastical power in the affairs of state, they inaugurated the persecution of the Jews, and thus the Visigothic Metropolitans became the forerunners of Torquemada and his inquisitorial host.

The Visigoth was a debauched alien who fell prey to his own treachery while the Arab overran his land; but a few brave remnants of a conquered host gathered in the Asturias. Raising Pelayo, a relative of their vanquished monarch, upon their shields, they proclaimed the first king of a line destined to reconquer the Peninsula step by step. When Pelayo and his little band of refugees drove back the Moors by hurling stones from their rock-cut cave at Covadonga upon a struggling host below, they

inaugurated the seven centuries of warfare which were to be at once the making and the marring of the Spanish nation.

Of the Moors in Spain little need be said here. Theirs is a history apart, romantic, fascinating, and seemingly incredible; marvelous in its achievement, miserable in its decay. They vanished as they came, but left graceful arches and shady courts to beautify the land, exotic words to vary the language, and a few customs picturesquely at variance with those of European origin. Moreover, the seven centuries of Moorish warfare — seven centuries of crusades for the Catholic faith — have left a seemingly indelible imprint upon the Spanish character.

The crusader is a zealot and a race of crusaders developed by hundreds of years of religious wars must become a nation of zealots. The cross was the national standard, while the Church became truly a church militant. Bishops rode at the head of armies, and religion was the dominant sentiment of the nation; hatred of infidels and heretics became its abiding passion.

In the mountain fastnesses of the Asturias

the banner of the cross had been unfurled, and step by step it advanced, sometimes wavering but always facing the foe, until it floated triumphant from the walls of Granada. Except when Charles Martel repulsed the Moor at Tours, Spain's neighbors were never seriously threatened by the Crescent. Fanatics and adventurers went forth, it is true, from England, France, and Germany to fight and squabble in the Holy Land, but that was not religious warfare as the Spaniard knew it. In fighting for his faith, he was fighting for his home; to him religion meant existence. In consequence, the ecclesiastic rose to a power in Spain which he has never attained elsewhere — not even in Italy itself.

The fall of Granada took place but little over four hundred years ago. Is it strange that the religious impetus of the seven preceding centuries should have lasted even to this day? The religious fervor which was excited to inspire the armies endured, and with it the abhorrence for all that is Mohammedan. So great did this become, in fact, that because bathing was a religious ceremony of the Moor, it was looked upon as an unholy act for the Spaniard.

With the fall of Granada, Spain became a nation. For the first time the many petty kingdoms which had arisen from the remnants of Visigothic rule were united in the persons of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile. Only Portugal held aloof, and there was every promise that she too might be brought within the national fold. But the Catholic sovereigns, the creators of united Spain, sowed the seeds of her ruin. Ferdinand, the grasping politician, and Isabella, the sterling queen, whose love for her people and zeal for her Church carried her to the point of fanaticism, combined those qualities which, intensified in the persons of their grandson, Charles I, and his son, Philip II, were to bring about the decline of Spain as a world power. In fact, at the moment the Spanish Empire was created, it began to disintegrate. A century of victories followed, but they were ruinous to Spain. Isabella the zealous, Ferdinand the crafty — each played a characteristic part in the decline of their country, a decline sure to follow the mistaken policy they inaugurated.

The same hand which sent Columbus forth to add a new world to Castile signed the edict

for the expulsion of the Jews. Sisenand the Goth had, nine hundred years before, promulgated a similar decree, but he had been too tender-hearted to enforce it. Seven centuries of religious warfare had hardened the heart of even the most conscientious Spanish ruler. The persecution of the Moors and their final expulsion by one of the weak-minded Philips were merely corollaries to this act, and, side by side with these cruelties, rumbled the dreadful engine of the Inquisition.

Torquemada, Queen Isabella's confessor, whose name is synonymous with persecution, was ordered to stamp out heresy, thousands being burned alive during the eighteen years of his supremacy. The Inquisition of Torquemada's day was merely directed against the Jews, but the sufferings of the Jew and the Moor were only a part of the injury which Isabella's zeal brought to her land.

Both the Jews and the Moors were traders and artisans — in a word, they were the middle class. The Spaniard, on the contrary, was either a warrior, a priest, or a peasant, so the land, when bereft of the Jew and the Moor, lost that commercial element which is the leaven of every

prosperous country. One useful class remained — the thinkers; but presently the fires of the Inquisition were lighted for them as well, and even devout churchmen, such as Ignatius Loyola, Juan de Avila, and Fray Luys de León, were disciplined by it because of their mysticism; while the publication of Saint Teresa's autobiography was forbidden for years.

As a result of the Inquisition, the soldier and the priest remained supreme, the peasant alone being left to produce wealth. There were painters and writers, to be sure, but they painted to please the Court, or wrote to please the Church, and dared not think. That they were great in spite of the Inquisition and its horrors was a tribute to their genius. This was the outcome of Isabella's zeal for her faith. Philip II merely continued to the bitter end the policy she had inaugurated. It is only just, however, to judge these sovereigns by their contemporaries. Edward I banished Jews from England and Philip IV expelled them from France, while one German state after another did the same — Austria even going to the length of casting into prison all the members of a hated

race upon whom her cruel hand could be laid.

I am aware that in criticizing Isabella and Philip, I am criticizing sovereigns the Spaniard most reveres; aware, too, that the policy they upheld was inspired by the commendable desire for Spanish unity, in the pursuit of which a single nation with a single language and a single religion became the ideal. Yet this very policy, while laudable from the standpoint of intense nationalism, I believe to have been the undoing of Spain.

But Isabella was not alone in sowing the seeds of her country's downfall. Ferdinand, crafty and grasping, saw in the broad field of European politics a goal for his ambition, and while he schemed and plotted, his soldiers fought, until Italy and Sicily were under his sway. Then the Austrian marriage of his daughter brought half of Europe under the scepter of his grandson, Charles I.

While Isabella was cementing the already overweening ecclesiastical power, the Spanish soldiers, trained in Moorish warfare, of Gonzalo de Cordova, 'The Great Captain,' were revolutionizing tactics on the plains of Italy and making the Spanish infantry the terror of

Europe. A new world, too, was being added to the Spanish crown by daring mariners, in order that its gold might defray the expense of European conquests.

The warlike spirit and the fanaticism engendered by the Moorish wars sought new outlets on the battle-fields of Europe and in the Auto de Fé. Conquest for the love of conquest; persecution in the name of religion. It was an age of martial glory for the Spaniard, but won at what a cost! The warrior and the cleric were dominant; the peasant paid the price. Charles I and Philip II were but a repetition of Ferdinand and Isabella, save that the one was a more despotic ruler and the other a more relentless bigot. Charles was a foreigner who saw in Spain merely a means to satisfy his ambition, and Philip a Spaniard who found in his foreign subjects a means to satisfy his fanaticism. Both continued the ruin of Spain which the Catholic sovereigns had commenced.

When their reigns were over, Spain was exhausted; the soldier and ecclesiastic had held full sway, but there were few soldiers left to fight, and few heretics to burn; there was, furthermore, no commercial and artisan class to

recoup the resources of the realm. Those whom persecution had spared, financial laws had ruined, so there was nothing for the soldier and priest to do but squabble, plot, and quarrel. Nothing for the peasant but to toil and suffer. The country was in the unhealthy ferment of stagnation. A good king might have saved the land even then; but instead came a sequence of three weaklings from the House of Austria, and a line of foreign Bourbons thrust on Spain through the war of the Spanish succession. One court favorite after another ruled the unhappy land. Province after province fell away, until only the mother-country, Cuba, and a few scattered islands remained.

What continued good government might have done for Spain was exemplified by the wise internal policy of Charles III. Had his successor been of his type, instead of the miserable Charles IV, Spain might still stand proudly among the great powers of the world. But in those days of her deepest adversity, when her monarch and his son were quarreling, and after seven kings in succession had wasted what few resources the aggressive policy of Charles I and Philip II had left untouched, unhappy Spain

fought for her worthless royal house against the power of Napoleon as did no country in Europe. The French could not conquer the Spaniard, and in the siege of Saragossa the heroism of Saguntum and Numantia was re-enacted.

The reward of the Spaniard for his noble resistance was a king, if anything more pernicious than any who had gone before. In the person of Ferdinand VII were united most of the bad qualities a monarch may possess, and those he lacked were to be found in his queen, who became the disturbing spirit of the reign of the young Queen Isabella II. Queen Christina, the mother, plotted and intrigued, and by her example and teaching made possible the unhappy ending of her daughter's reign.

At heart, Queen Isabella was not as bad as she has been painted, but she was capricious and passionate, and between Espartero, O'Donnell, Serrano, and the Carlist pretenders, the wretched country was dragged on a steadily downward career. Yet Isabella conferred one blessing upon her land: she founded the Guardia Civil, a gendarmerie modeled after the Holy Brotherhood of her great namesake, an

exemplary police, who have made traveling in Spain as safe as in any country of Europe.

The revolution which drove Isabella from her throne, the provisional government of General Prim, the short-lived monarchy of Amadeus, the equally short-lived republic of Castelar, were but the desperation of a people who could endure no more. Ground down by oppression, they struggled to free themselves from their miserable rulers, but the governments created so passionately were too quickly formed. Still, out of them grew a monarchy more liberal, more tolerant than any that had gone before. Alfonso XII was not an exemplary king, but he was good as kings go in Spain. He was Spanish in his sympathies, moreover, and he accomplished as much as could be expected of a monarch whose throne was unstable. In his wife, Queen Maria Christina, regent during the minority of her son, the present king, and in that son as well, Spain found rulers whom her people might respect, and even love.

But the years of Queen Maria Christina's rule were darkened by rebellion in Cuba and the Philippines and war with the United States. When peace came to the land, of former empire

there remained but the Canaries and a strip of territory on the northern coast of Africa, where only the other day the embers of centuries of warfare with the Moor blazed forth anew, bringing misery for a time to that patient and long-suffering creature, the Spanish peasant.

In his own struggles against the Roman and the Moor, in the revolt of the Netherlands, in his own fight against Napoleon, and in the war for freedom of his American colonies, the Spaniard should have foreseen both the injustice and the futility of forcing a foreign rule upon a people determined to achieve their independence.

Proud, sentimental, and zealous, yet not progressive as we understand progression, the Spaniard of to-day is the logical outcome of his history. His courtliness is admirable, but excessive, and he dwells too much upon the glories of Pavia and San Quentin, without realizing that those very victories hastened the downfall of Spanish power. He dreams, moreover, of the splendid empire which Columbus and his successors gave to Castile and León; but forgets that there was but one Las Casas, and many of the type of Cortez, Pizarro, and Ovando; and that there was but one Talavera, Bishop of

Granada, amid far too many uncompromising prelates such as Ximenes and Torquemada.

The Spaniard's character has been formed by seven centuries of crusading and a century of conquest. The exigencies of history have made him a warrior, but the incapacity of many bad kings has lost him the power to conquer. Yet in spite of the reactionary influence of tradition and sentiment, Spain is awaking to the call of modernity. In his illuminating book, 'The Soul of Spain,' Mr. Havelock Ellis has this to say in regard to the transformation that is taking place in the national spirit: 'But a nation that at one moment led the world and has always shown an aptitude for bringing forth great personalities, cannot be hastily dismissed as decadent, unable to exert any influence on human affairs.'

Dictatorships are foreign, it is true, to American ideals, and the suppression of a free parliament is too contrary to our national sentiment to enable us to view with magnanimity the recent political happenings of the Peninsula. Still, before passing judgment upon them, it would be wise, I suspect, to await the outcome.

Spain has had both an eventful and a thrilling

history, yet, as Montaigne has said, 'happy are the people whose annals are tiresome.' If, in the school of adversity, she has not learned the lesson that should stand her in good stead at the present time, notable changes have been wrought, nevertheless, during recent years in both the life and aspirations of the Spanish nation. While the spirit of the past may still appear to be hovering over the land — the spirit which exiled the Jews and Moors, and sacrificed in torture the lives of fellow Christians — there are signs a many to inspire the lover of Spain with the hope that her future will be given to the winning of victories in art, literature, science, and commerce, and not to the futile shattering of her valiant lance against mediæval windmills.

II

MADRID

Unless it be an occasional old-school citizen wrapped in a graceful cloak, or else a devout maiden dressed in somber black, her hair adorned with comb and mantilla, threading her way through the streets at the hour of mass, a halting duenna beside her, there is little that is Spanish in the capital of Spain. Except for these, and perhaps a creaking cart or two drawn by awkward mules, scarcely a thing in Madrid suggests romantic Spain, it being a city that may be described as a blending of Paris and Washington, with two distinctive features of its own — the Court and the Puerta del Sol.

Madrid, like Washington, is a capital of deliberate creation, and, too, is merely a capital. Although in the number of its inhabitants it is perhaps the largest city in Spain, it is in no sense the commercial metropolis. In fact, it is essentially a city of government and pleasure, its business being mostly confined to purveying

to the wants of the functionary and the worldling.

To the vagaries of two men, Madrid owes its existence. Charles V found that the climate agreed with his gout, and his son, Philip II, could discover no more dreary spot for the building of his monastic palace, the Escorial, than the point where the barren, wind-swept plain of Castile verges into the bleak, rugged mountains of the Guaderrama. So the cities of Toledo, Seville, and Valladolid, each naturally fitted to be the capital of the land, were deserted, and a new city was brought into being.

To-day this gayest of Spanish towns rises crisp and bright in the center of a plain almost as barren as the great American desert. The sun scorches it in summer, the wind chills it in winter; yet for three centuries, in obedience to the whims of two capricious kings, Madrid has grown and thrived in the desolate center of a fertile land. Its distinctive features, as I have already said, are the Court and the Puerta del Sol. The Court is individual, because it is the last stronghold of Bourbon power and is still swayed by the etiquette of Louis XIV. The Puerta del Sol, in the very center of the city, is

an oval plaza whence the principal streets radiate — a sort of Place de l'Opéra without the opera, but with as much life and movement, for nowhere do idlers congregate as here. The name signifies 'Gate of the Sun.' There is no gate, but there is plenty of sun, and that is the secret of its popularity as a lounging place. The Spaniard is never so happy as when '*tomando el sol*,' or, as we should say, taking a sun bath, the sun being a necessity to his well-being during a goodly portion of the year. So damp and frigid, in fact, is his house in winter that the street is the only place where he can warm himself, the sun being called, in Spain, 'the poor man's brazier.'

Judging by the crowds which swarm in the Puerta del Sol and the adjoining streets, the population of Madrid seems composed principally of idlers. This in the American sense is partly true, since the people do not work as we do, the shops being opened at nine or even ten o'clock and closed during the luncheon hour. The government offices, moreover, keep even shorter hours, and when people are not at work, as happens frequently, they are in the streets, standing in groups about the Puerta del Sol or

sauntering leisurely through the Alcalá and the Carrera San Geronimo — the principal thoroughfares.

In the Anglo-Saxon sense of the word, the Spaniard does not walk, but merely saunters, and he derives, let me add, much satisfaction from so innocent an amusement. There are Anglo-maniacs in Madrid, to be sure, just as there are in the capital of every civilized land, who, in clothes made in London or Edinburgh, play polo or golf, but they are quite as un-Spanish as their trans-Atlantic prototypes are un-American. The hours they keep are Spanish, however, noon being the time their daily life begins. From then until early morning, the *Madrileño*, unless he be one whom necessity drives to work, is to be found either in the street, the café, or the theater. Life is made cheap for him, too, since for the price of a cup of coffee he may spend half the day in a café, while the theaters are so moderate in their charges that one wonders how they are able to exist at all. These theaters are unique, since you do not buy your ticket for an entire play, but for one act only, or as many acts as you desire to see. Thus, to go at the beginning and sit to the bitter end at

half-past one in the morning, requires a handful of tickets, from which one is collected at the beginning of each act.

The most popular playhouses are those where *zarzuelas*, the national *opéras-bouffes* are presented. These pieces are usually in one act, or else in two short ones divided by an entr'acte, during which an intermezzo is played, the audience retaining their seats. In its setting, a *zarzuela* may vary from the stately court of Philip II to the street life of the people, the music being usually attractive, the libretto often dull. In talent the actors are below English standards; the actresses are sadly deficient in make-up — a commendable habit for the streets, perhaps, but not for the boards, where they appear with the pallor of corpses. At a *zarzuela* theater four distinct pieces are usually given in the same evening — the house being the most crowded during the last of these.

Few countries are richer in dramatic works than Spain; yet while she has a classic drama that is truly great, as in France the drama is now at a low ebb. The Teatro Español, the home of the legitimate, is modeled somewhat after the Comédie Française, but the company

is not remarkable for its histrionism and little attention is given to the *mise-en-scène*. On one night a week the world of fashion forgathers at the Teatro Español, but its habitual meeting-place is at the opera, where, during the long entr'actes, the eligible young men of the town kiss the hands of stately mammas while eyeing furtively pretty, olive-skinned daughters whose hearts are a-flutter.

Compactness is one of the many charms of Madrid. You may, in fact, drive from one end of the town to the other in half an hour. The streets in general are broad and well-paved, except in the old parts, where there is still a dash of local color in the shape of tortuous lanes and hanging balconies; but the greater portion of the city is new and French, with straight boulevards and well-built houses, modern and monotonous.

As in Washington, the Government buildings are huge, modern piles of brick and stone with pseudo-classical outlines, commonplace, most of them, in contrast with the noble monuments of other Spanish cities. Before shorn of its right to convene, the Senate met in an old monastery that has been rebuilt and modernized,

and so completely transformed that one looks in vain for signs of the former cloister. While to some it may appear appropriate that Spanish Solons should be domiciled in the former house of Augustinian friars, Spain has changed much since the days of the Inquisition, even though this fact may still be unrecognized in America.

Motley and Prescott wrote of a period covering but a century of Spanish greatness and Spanish cruelty; yet Spain still is judged by that period, I fear. It is well to remember, however, that the contemporaneous sovereigns in England were Henry VIII, Bloody Mary, and Elizabeth, with whom Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V, and even Philip II, do not lose entirely by comparison.

But this is a digression, so let me say that there are features of the Spanish Senate (when it functions) worthy of emulation, it being a somewhat happy compromise between the English, French, and American upper houses. The Senators are in four classes: grandees with a certain annual rental from land, sitting by right of inheritance; Senators for life, appointed by the Crown; Senators chosen by the Church, the

royal academies, the universities; and, lastly, Senators elected by each province for the life of the Parliament, the two first-mentioned classes composing one half the membership and the elected Senators the remainder.

The Chamber of Deputies is (or rather was, until its voice was silenced) housed in a modern building, imposing enough, but uninteresting architecturally, as are the buildings which contain the offices of the different ministries into which the Government is divided. Spain, I might add, has rather more than her just share of bureaucracy, for whenever a butcher, baker, or candlestick-maker acquires a competence, his son must enter the Government service, in order that he may become a gentleman.

But I am forgetting the sights of Madrid; the royal armory, the palace, the royal stables, the churches, libraries, hospitals, and the hundred and one institutions which go to make a capital. A description of such sights falls more within the province of a guidebook than this book of sketches. Still, I cannot pass by the royal picture gallery in the Prado without a word, for, were I given to superlatives, I should be inclined to pronounce it the finest gallery in all

the world. In any event, let me say that I, at least, prefer it to any other.

Your guidebook will tell you that the Prado Gallery contains sixty canvases by Rubens, forty by Titian, twenty by Van Dyck, and ten by Raphael, as well as examples of the brush work of nearly every other great master of the past. Yet such as these are to be found in Florence, Paris, London, Dresden, and elsewhere. What cannot be seen in such rich profusion as in the Prado Gallery are the paintings that are the glory of Spain — her Riberas, El Grecos, Zurburans, Murillos, and Goyas, and, marvel of all art, the threescore canvases by Velasquez, before which Manet, Whistler, Sargent, and many a lesser light of modern times have bowed in reverence, while seeking inspiration.

Indeed, to know what Carducci, a contemporary of Velasquez, called his 'detestable naturalism,' you should see the portrait of Pope Innocent X, in the Doria Palace at Rome, then journey to Madrid and spend a fortnight, or better still, a month, in the Prado Gallery, absorbing in the meantime the sentiment as well as the realism of 'The Surrender of Breda,' the

virility and the strength of shadow that are to be found in 'The Topers,' and not only the freedom of 'Las Meniñas,' but its adequacy, too, and the amazing way in which it presents life, a way so intense that, as a critic has said of it, 'the ordinary life around us seems almost unreal.'

Not long ago I boarded the *Sud-Express* for no other purpose than to see once more the Sala Velasquez, and there for a week I loitered each day till the closing hour, not alone for the enjoyment of masterpieces such as the three I have mentioned, but to take an almost equal delight in viewing the minor pictures of this marvelous painter, and in comparing his several portraits of Philip IV that hang upon the walls of a hallowed room. For while Velasquez painted his royal master at various ages and in varying poses, it was ever with a new inspiration, and always with that sagacity of vision in which lies his supremacy.

In Madrid there is but one such room, the other sights of the city being shown the personally conducted tourist in three days at most, often in less time, for it is a town in which the people and their life are the attraction far more

than the monuments. On revisiting the city the other day, I found it to have improved in cleanliness and increased in splendor during the years of my absence. Street after street of modern apartment houses had been added to those I had known, while the city itself appeared to be better kept and better paved than Paris — policed, I might add, by officers of the law sprucer by far than the Parisian *sergent de ville*.

I saw women with bobbed hair, and heard the strains of jazz; but I heard good music, too, and at each of the several concerts I attended, the Queen of Spain sat in the royal box — a queen of such rare charm that she lingers in memory as the most beautiful person of royal blood I have ever beheld, and with so much of the quality the Parisians call *chic* that, although I had come from Paris, I thought her the best-dressed woman I had seen in Europe.

These are but the memories of a tourist. In other days I had a fairer knowledge of Madrid and its people, and as I recall the months I passed, during a winter long ago, upon the dreary Castilian plain, the social life of the city far more than its sights stands forth in memory — the life, not only of fashionable society, but

of the governing class as well, the class that stood, then, for Spain in the eyes of the world.

Unlike the American, the Spaniard does not throw open his door to the foreign Tom, Dick, and Harry. If a Spaniard knows you, however, and above all, if he approves of you, he becomes the most gracious of hosts, the best and most painstaking of friends. In proof of this let me tell of the welcome extended to me in Madrid by two Spaniards whom I had had the good fortune to know in the United States. One of these friends was the Marquess of Villalobar, a young attaché of the Foreign Office then, but destined to hold with credit the arduous post of Ambassador to Belgium during the distressing years when that land was writhing beneath a ruthless enemy's heel. Not only was he in waiting on the station platform, upon a cold January morning, when my wife and I descended from an early train, but he had heralded our coming so assiduously that we entered at once the circle of his intimate friends, and were made to feel ourselves to be thoroughly a part of it so long as our sojourn lasted.

The other of these courteous Spanish friends was the late Duke of Veragua, the descendant

of Columbus, who was in trouble at the time; yet this did not prevent him from calling daily at our hotel during a month or more, to proffer his services as cicerone. It was through his kind offices that we were able to meet a number of the leading men and women of his country, and, having broken bread with us across the seas, he would not permit us, even in the hour of his adversity, to leave Madrid without having sat at his table; so, a day or so before our departure, we were asked to a sumptuous luncheon at his palace. Only members of his family were present, and I shall never forget the delicate way in which he told us that if he had invited the world at large to share his hospitality at a time when fortune frowned on him, he would have become the object of much unkindly criticism. I was too young then to have appraised at its full value the hospitality of this courteous Spaniard; yet in looking back over threescore years of life, it stands forth in memory as being finer than any I have ever enjoyed.

The fashionable society of Madrid is but a reproduction on a smaller scale of similar circles in Paris and Rome, and nearly all Spaniards of position or wealth live in Madrid or visit it

during a portion of the year. The city, therefore, except in the summer months wears a holiday aspect. There is a continuous rolling of smart limousines along the Alcalá and the Carrera San Geronimo; the shops are filled with French and English novelties, and the *mondaines* and dandies who come and go wear French gowns or London-made clothes. The people one meets in society are such as are found in every capital — statesmen, soldiers, diplomats, and worldlings. Authors, painters, and especially actors, play minor parts, however, for the Spaniard still regards the Bohemian in the light of an outcast.

Although small in comparison with that of other capitals, the society of Madrid is extremely active, those who compose it being ever on the go. They are intimate, moreover, to a degree unknown in London or New York, men and women of all ages calling each other Pepita, Maria, Pepe, Gonzalo, or whatever their prenomens may be, with a familiarity scarcely surpassed in an American small town. If the city were bereft of embassies and the entertainments given by the diplomatic corps, there would be a considerable depreciation in

gayety; but in spite of the entertaining done by foreigners, only a limited few of their number used to be, and are to-day, I dare say, received within the inner temples of Madrid's charmed circle.

Dances are the joy of the *Madrileñas*, who dance with a vim not at all in keeping with their supposed dignity. The first dance I attended in Madrid was a small informal affair with not more than fifty or sixty people present, all intimate friends. When I entered the room, the dancers were romping in the American way to an American tune, and singing its English words. But during the evening quite a Spanish incident occurred, since three young men amused themselves by purloining a couple of dozen hats belonging to the guests which they took to a theater and threw from their box to a popular actress — those whose hats were taken being obliged to go home in shooting-caps, paper caps, mufflers, or bareheaded. My hat having been among the number, it was with difficulty that I persuaded the host from avenging on the field of honor such an insult to a foreign guest in his house.

Dinner parties are of less frequent occurrence

in Spain than in Anglo-Saxon lands. In fact, I have heard diplomats who were stationed in Madrid complain bitterly of the Spanish lack of table hospitality. While there are a few houses in which you dine as you would in London or Paris, the Spaniard is not given to this form of entertainment. He has his automobile, his box at the opera, his palace — always with an imposing staircase — but rarely a French chef. To show what a small part table hospitality plays in his life, it is only necessary to state that Madrid does not possess a single restaurant of the character one finds in Paris or New York. Even at balls and receptions, the refreshments are usually of a meager nature; some cakes, some lemonade, perhaps a decanter of sherry; but a hot supper served in courses and accompanied by unlimited champagne is rare, except when an ambassador or a cosmopolite entertains.

Yet simplicity in eating is not universal in Spain, as an incident I recall may show. No Spaniard was more widely known in his day than Don Emilio Castelar, president of the short-lived Spanish Republic. The most famous of his contemporaries as a writer, he was, at the

same time, his country's most ardent statesman; since, regardless of personal consequences, he maintained a consistent course, even to the extent of alienating himself from the Republican Party of his own creation, when that party leaned toward socialism. Don Emilio was, in fact, a Spaniard first, last, and always, and as a Spaniard, he lived in a modest bachelor apartment surrounded by rare art objects and the books of his choice. Being a Republican, he never set foot inside the royal palace; yet he accepted the monarchy as being for the best interests of Spain, but only because the monarchy accepted religious and political liberty, the principles for which he had struggled.

Don Emilio's pride was his cuisine; but even here his patriotism reigned. His cook was Spanish, every dish which found its way to his table was Spanish, and his wines were from the choicest of the Peninsula's vintages. A luncheon I enjoyed at his hospitable board was certainly not open to the charge of scantiness, it having consisted of seventeen dishes, all Spanish in conception, that were washed down with almost as many different wines. I cannot begin to recall the sequence of these viands, but each

had a flavor which was truly of the country.

And what a charming host was Don Emilio! How earnestly he talked, his words flowing with the rhythm of the born orator in the most sonorous of Castilian! It was but a year or so before my country's entrance into war with Spain, and Don Emilio spoke with bitterness of the American attitude toward Cuba — his face coloring with indignation, his words emphasized with impatient gestures.

'How is it possible,' he asked, 'that the United States can be so ungrateful to the land which gave it birth? Spain is the mother of America, and this is the base ingratitude of her child. You do not know us there. We have more liberty than England. What did we do in Spain at the time of the Republic? We declared universal suffrage, religious and political freedom, and manumitted the slaves of Cuba. All these blessings, and more, remain to us. It is a shame, a slander, that the people of America should call us cruel and unenlightened.'

He talked so fast and so earnestly that I could scarcely follow him, but his heart was in his words. It was a patriot speaking, a man whose passion was his country.

But all the public men of Spain I met had a charm of manner which some of our own politicians might well cultivate to advantage. Spaniards from the highest to the lowest are gracious: yet some of the politicians seem to affect a certain Jeffersonian simplicity not unlike the pose of many of their kind in Washington. Don Práxedes Sagasta, for instance, was one such. The leader of the Liberal Party during many years of his life, several times Premier, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and one of the great men of Spain at that day, he lived then in a modest apartment in the Carrera San Geronimo, and when taken to call there one afternoon by the Duke of Veragua, I found him in a conference with some of his political lieutenants. The impression he produced was that of a strong man who thoroughly understood the game of politics. The lines of his face were deep and well-defined; he had thick, determined lips, and shaggy gray hair and beard that were Ibsenesque in appearance. Rather care less in dress and simple in his surroundings, he had, nevertheless, the politeness of his race. His manner of speaking was quiet and precise, and he seemed to possess the same remarkable

knowledge of men and their ways which characterized Mr. Blaine.

Señor Sagasta was an adroit political leader with a strong following in his day, and in talking with him I felt the forcible charm of the successful man of state. He was more guarded, however, than Castelar, and seemed less guided by sentiment; in short, he was more cautious, and, I suspect, less sincere.

The Spanish statesman of that day who seemed to have the most thorough knowledge of the politics of the world was Señor Moret y Prendergast, then Deputy for Zarogoza, but destined to hold the premiership at the time of his monarch's marriage. Writer and orator of rare ability, he spoke English fluently and understood the Anglo-Saxon character thoroughly, even to a keen appreciation of the jokes in 'Puck.' At the time I met him, Señor Moret was president of the Athenæum, a literary and artistic club of seven hundred members, owning an imposing building which contained an extensive library and a large conference hall, where, from time to time, distinguished speakers addressed the members on political and literary subjects.

The Athenæum, alas, because of its freedom of speech, has been closed, I hear, by dictatorial decree, such 'happiness of times' as Tacitus vaunted, when 'it was lawful to say what you wished and think what you wished,' no longer obtaining in Spain, it would appear. But on the evening I visited the Athenæum, Señor Francisco Silvela delivered an address on parliamentary government, unhampered by restriction and decree. A lawyer, a writer and statesman, who later became Prime Minister, this speaker held his audience for fully an hour without recourse to a single note. Yet each sentence he framed was perfectly rounded, each word he spoke was distinctly pronounced, his meaning being emphasized meanwhile by graceful gestures. In conversation, Señor Silvela was both cordial and simple, and when taken by a mutual friend to call upon him, he received my praise of his oratory in so appreciative and unspoiled a manner that I left his house feeling him to be what his fellow countrymen call *muy simpatico*.

Representative Spanish writers of the time were Echegaray, the Spanish Ibsen, and Perez Galdos, the popular novelist, both of whom mixed but little with the social world. Don

Juan Valera, however, the author of those entrancing stories, 'Pepita Ximenez' and 'Doña Luz,' was to be met occasionally at a foreign embassy, for, besides being both a novelist and an historian of distinction, he had had a successful diplomatic career. In his own study, surrounded by his books, Señor Valera seemed, indeed, the perfect type of the man of letters. He took a keen interest in the work of American writers, too, for he had been at one time the Spanish Minister at Washington. He spoke English but little, yet his knowledge of American literature was quite extensive. He was, however, a prophet who, while not entirely without honor in his own country, deserved far more of it than he was accorded, for he was not the fashion in Spain as was Perez Galdos. In the words of Mr. Havelock Ellis, 'His best works are a fine and permanent manifestation of the Spanish spirit, and the personality that produced them is even finer than the works.'

Genuine and progressive womanhood was embodied in Emilia Pardo Bazán, a gifted and prolific novelist and writer, with a distinct place in modern Spanish literature, some of whose books have been translated into English. When

I met her, many a year ago, I found her possessed of a broad view of life for that day, and glad to discuss literature, art, politics, and even the doings of the world and his wife.

The traditions of the land being monarchical, the nobility have great social influence, the possession of a title being almost a *sine qua non* of social position. The Spanish nobility is perhaps most similar to that of England, but it has a distinctive feature of its own in the 'Grandees of Spain,' these being nobles to whom special hereditary privileges have been granted. Those having a certain annual rental from land sit in the Senate, while all grandees possess the curious privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign. A grandee in uniform wears a golden key over the right hip, signifying that as a 'cousin of the king,' he may enter the palace at any time and confer with his sovereign. It is his most cherished privilege and one which the monarch is bound to respect. When a grandee passes a palace guard, he is saluted by a sharp pound of the halberd upon the marble floor. Spanish titles, like the English, descend to the eldest son, though the heir to a grandeeship has no special appellation beyond that of

excellency. The Spaniards regard their nobility as second to none in lineage, but while a few of the titles date to the early part of the fifteenth century, and one or two to the fourteenth, about a third are of comparatively recent creation.

There is no court in Europe where the etiquette is so strict as at the Court of Spain; yet, when the sovereign grants a private audience, you are received with an almost friendly informality. I have, in fact, a most pleasing memory of such an audience with Her Majesty Queen Maria Christina, granted during her regency. I found her to be dignified and tactful and, when presented to her, I felt the force of the word 'queenly,' that being exactly the adjective with which to describe both her manner and her bearing.

At this private audience my wife and I were received in a small room not unlike the reception room of an American house. Except for the requirement of bowing low and backing out of the royal presence, everything was most informal. We were invited to sit down and were asked questions about various topics the Queen-Regent thought might be of interest. When

she felt she had talked long enough, she arose; whereupon we withdrew, bowing low and careful that our backs were ever toward the door. Then the dapper little chamberlain, radiant in blue and gold, silk stockings and small-clothes, who had escorted us into the royal presence, took us through a series of gorgeous rooms that were adorned with tapestries and the portraits of Bourbons, to the apartments of the Infanta Isabella.

This princess, the elder sister of the Infanta Eulalia whose name is so familiar to Americans, is perhaps the most popular of Spanish royalties, not only because she is Spanish in her tastes, but on account of her marvelous faculty of never forgetting a face. In the park, at the opera, or wherever it is that she chances to see you, she greets you with a charming bow, and makes you feel that you have a recognized place in her memory. Furthermore, she is an ardent sportswoman, and, as an *aficionada* of the bull-fight, is usually to be seen at the Plaza de Toros on a Sunday. She received us in the same informal manner as did the Queen-Regent, though we felt more at home with her and less restrained than in the presence of Her Majesty,

for she even served tea to us herself, quite in the English manner.

But the formal ceremonies of the Spanish Court have none of the simplicity of these private audiences. On gala days, such as the Day of His Majesty, a levee is held in the palace as ceremonious as the most exacting might demand.

After the burning of the old Alcazar in 1734, the royal palace of Madrid was built by Philip V, with the intention of rivaling Versailles. How well this attempt succeeded may be judged by Napoleon's remark to his brother Joseph, as the two Corsican usurpers mounted the grand staircase for the first time, '*Vous serez mieux logés que moi.*' A more imposing sight would be difficult to imagine than this staircase, when, lined with a double row of halberdiers in quaint seventeenth-century uniform, the great dignitaries of the country are ascending it, gorgeous in red, blue, and gold, and with glistening decorations upon their breasts. Foreign diplomats, cabinet officers, military men, high prelates, as well as the military orders, resplendent in waving plumes and flowing cloaks, all combine to make the entire scene a kaleidoscope of gorgeousness never to be forgotten.

Even though preceded by imposing mace-bearers, the deputations from the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, in democratically simple evening dress, formed a striking contrast to the glittering officials of the royal household. I recall being amused by the swaggering manner of the Deputies of the extreme Left, as they strode up the stairs in a boorish effort to show their contempt for royalty. The custom was to uncover at the first landing, but these radicals swaggered up to the door of the throne-room itself with their hats on the backs of their heads. And this I saw in courtly Spain long before the world had been made 'safe for democracy.'

After the dignitaries ascended the grand staircase, they awaited in the throne-room the appearance of the Queen-Regent and her son, the King. Meanwhile, the *damas* and *gentiles hombres* had been awaiting their sovereigns in the antechamber. When they appeared, the cortège was formed, Their Majesties and the royal household proceeding then to the throne-room. There the diplomatic corps and the great functionaries of the kingdom were received and addresses were delivered by the

Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, whereupon all the gorgeous officials of the Court made obeisance and retired. The Queen-Regent then received in the *ante-cámara* the ladies of the diplomatic corps, and in the *cámara* the private household — the ladies' maids, the chief of the halberdiers, and the *Monteros de Espinosas*, a privileged corps who have the special duty of guarding the King while he sleeps.

None but the Ministry, the grandees, the *gentiles hombres*, the Knights of the Golden Fleece, the more important officials of the land, their wives, and the Archbishops of Toledo and Madrid, attended the feast of state with which the ceremony of the day came to an end. The scene, however, judging by the view I obtained of the banquet hall a few moments before the guests arrived, must have been one of unusual brilliance.

The room was ablaze with light from six crystal chandeliers and a hundred silver candelabra; there was a profusion of orchids, violets, lilies-of-the-valley, and garlands of pink and yellow roses; there were ferns and plants and a dazzling array of glass and plate. The walls were

hung with tapestries, an army of powdered flunkies with coats of blue and gold and stockings of crimson silk, awaited the coming of the guests, and, strangest sight of all to American eyes, a quill and a wooden toothpick tied together by a ribbon were beside each plate. A double row of servants lined the grand staircase, and, when grandees arrived, halberdiers pounded the staves of their halberds on the stone floor as each wearer of a golden key passed by.

From a balcony I saw the glittering uniforms, the tinsel and the pomp, and thought of another event of which those stairs had been the scene. It was during the early years of the troublous reign of Queen Isabel II. Two generals, Diego León and Concha, instigated by Queen Christina, had concerted a plan to carry off the young sovereign. Concha presented himself at the palace and gained by treachery an entrance for himself and a troop of soldiers. There were but eighteen halberdiers on guard, but under their leader, Don Domingo Dulce, they advanced and tried to parley. They were answered by bullets; a struggle ensued, the halberdiers, fighting on the stairs, held their ground. Concha was re-

pulsed. León arrived too late. The conspirators fled; but León was captured and shot for treason. He was young and handsome, and the Queen, who heard the story too late to stay the execution, to her dying day kept his cross of Saint Hermengildo, pierced by three bullets.

III

SEVILLE

'He who has not seen Seville has not seen a marvel' (*Quien no ha visto Sevilla no ha visto maravilla*), runs an Andalusian proverb; but, like a piece of old lace or a rare bit of Dresden, the city is delicate rather than marvelous, for, wherever one turns, there is color, beauty, and grace of outline, it being a place for delightful fancies, where fountains play in shady courts and oranges bloom. Here the sun is ever shining, and the lover whispering at the lattice of his mistress. In a word, Seville is the gem of Andalusia, fairest province of Spain.

Only the cathedral makes one remember that the Phœnician, the Roman, the Visigoth, and the Moor were, each in turn, masters of the city, before the fires of the Inquisition blazed in the public squares or the tramp of Napoleon's soldiers echoed through the streets. Standing somber and gray amid white-walled houses with red roofs and graceful balconies, this ponderous

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

church looms above them like an altar of death in the midst of revelry. Only the Giralda, with slender belfry and graceful arch, seems to be of Seville.

The Gothic portals of the cathedral, with their sculptured saints and patriarchs, are magnificent, it is true, and the flying buttresses that spring from nave to nave are beautiful, yet you must enter it to appreciate the harmony and grandeur of this largest of all Gothic churches. There is a severity in its vast interior that is awe-inspiring; and in wandering through the lofty nave or the chapels with gorgeous retables, where dark figures kneel in prayer and the chanting of priests echoes from the walls, where candles glimmer and the odor of incense fills the air, you feel that you are in the House of God.

I made my first visit as a boy in my teens, a few years before the fall of the dome during an earthquake, and when I saw it again, years later, a huge scaffolding filled a portion of the interior. But the click of chisel and hammer is heard no longer, while into the south transept the ashes of Columbus have been brought to repose upon the shoulders of four figures representing the

kingdoms into which Spain was once divided, a somewhat tardy recognition of the fact that:

> A Castilla y León,
> Nuevo mundo dió Colón.

But churches grow gloomy and cold in time, and sunlight fills the streets of Seville. Bells are clanging, too, the hour of vespers; so let me climb, in memory, the gentle incline leading upward within the Giralda, once a Moorish watch-tower and now a Christian belfry. As I reach the top the sun is setting behind the Sierra Morena. Below are domes and pinnacles, and around them the houses of the city lie scattered, like a box of toy houses left overturned by a child. Rising above their red roofs are the belfries of other churches, the Plaza de Toros, the famed tobacco factory, and the Alcazar, with its Moorish towers, and gardens where the cypress and orange grow; and I can see the Guadalquivir, too, winding its silvery way past the wooded promenade called 'Las Delicias'; and the Torre del Oro, glowing in the fading light.

Across the river is Triana, suburb of gypsies and porcelain factories, and beyond it the green

plain of Seville, dotted with olive groves and white *pueblos*, rolls toward Cadiz and the sea. Deep shadows are upon it, and while the vermilion sun sinks behind purple hills, night creeps chilly and dark across it. The bells cease clanging and the noises of the streets abate; lights twinkle here and there, and in the courtyard below black-robed priests come and go like spirits of the dead. I should like to dream on, but the blind guardian of the tower is jingling his keys, so I grope my way to earth and stroll through the town.

The little shops are lighted and the narrow streets are crowded, it being the time of evening promenade when all Seville wanders through the Sierpes — a curious street or lane, narrow, crooked, and closed to vehicles. In it are the banks and the smartest shops; the clubs, in the windows of which are dandies, old and young; and popular cafés, where sit noted toreadors surrounded by fawning admirers.

In the Sierpes also are to be seen the *majos*, or lady-killers, who, while the lottery ticket-vendor cries his wares, ogle passing señoritas, while praising their comeliness aloud. It is, in fact, the center of Sevillian gayety, where the

populace saunters with a lack of energy delightful to see; the Sevillian, from the highest to the lowest, walking with the same loitering step, a graceful cloak about his shoulders, a broad-brimmed hat poised becomingly upon his head, and a cigarette ever between his lips. The women of Seville, so beautiful, but, alas, so plump, are even less in a hurry, for they amble by like fat palfreys, glancing with their soulful eyes, coquettishly, or perhaps with a look of scorn for the foreigner.

Only in the dance-halls, in fact, is quick movement to be seen, but in any one of these, after dark, a gypsy girl may be seen dancing the *baile flamenco*. Such a place may be merely a café with a platform to dance upon, or, in the semblance of a theater, it may have a stage on which guitarists and dancing girls sit, and a balcony from which you may gaze down upon a scene as strong in light and shadow as a picture by Sargent; for, beneath the lamps that shine through clouds of smoke, are gay shawls and sashes and soldiers' uniforms. On the platform a girl, with head thrown back and body writhing, stamps her feet and snaps her fingers; imperturbable musicians with pig-like eyes twang

their guitars, and girls with Manila shawls wrapped round their sensuous bodies, clasp their hands in unison while shouting, '*Ohé, Lorlita, niña,*' or whatever the dancer's name may chance to be. Faster, faster and more furiously she dances. When, panting, she stops to bow, her admirers jump upon tables and benches and throw their hats and money at her feet.

Strolling back to your hotel when the dancing is over, you will pass, in the maze of narrow streets, many a cloaked figure whispering at a grilled window. They are the lovers of Seville, *pelando la pava*, or plucking the turkey, as it is called, for in Andalusia, where the blood runs warm, those windows are barred like prison cells.

When the morning air was chilly and the streets were still in shadow, I used to wander to the market of Seville. Its arches cast graceful shadows, then, on the flagstones, and its striped awnings blend prettily with the multicolored shawls of market-women. Piles of oranges and lemons glisten in the morning sun, and from its rafters dangle festoons of grapes and strings of garlic. Citrons and grapefruit hang there, too, in hempen slings, and on

the pavement apples, radishes, onions, and cabbages are heaped in confusion. Women in faded gowns, carrying babies and market-baskets, waddle by, or stop to bargain with fat and greasy butchers enshrined, like sacrificial priests, behind altars piled high with offerings of beef and mutton; meanwhile, porters in blue smocks, with cords and *mantas* slung across their shoulders, warm themselves in the sun, and girls with roguish eyes flirt with slender, black-haired youths. Dogs are barking, too, and children play in the listless way of Spain.

In the tortuous streets about the market-place whitewashed houses are outlined in rambling perspective, the graceful tower of some parish church piercing the blue above. Maidens peer down upon the crowds from *miradores;* the cobbler stitches in his smoky little shop; glasses clink in the tavern; in the milkman's stall, sleek cows with mournful eyes stand patiently chewing their cuds; and shaggy donkeys are ever pattering on the cobblestones, only their huge ears and little tails being visible beneath panniers filled with straw or charcoal.

Wandering thus in recollection through the streets of Seville, I pick my way through good-

natured crowds until I reach a little square where there is a quaint church, the steps of which are littered with beggars. Before it stand the *puestos*, or street vendors' booths, each with a pretty awning; and in near-by shops hang multi-colored pots or festoons of cotton cloth. Dogs are snoozing in sunny spots and children, gathered about a blind guitarist, are dancing merrily. There is a booth near by, where a bronze-skinned gypsy is cooking *molletes calentitos*, a greasy cake fried in oil, and there is a wineshop, too, filled with earthen jars and huge bottles of wine.

Would that I might wander in reality, instead of in memory, through the streets of Seville, not alone to watch the people, but to talk with them as well, the Andalusian being the best of fellows! When you enter a tavern, for instance, the *habitués* will greet you with a word of welcome, and the publican will serve you his liquor with a courtliness that is Chesterfieldian.

I remember a place in Triana, which perhaps still flourishes, that was famed as being the resort of the *matones*, or bullies of the town, every one in Seville who was spoiling for a fight being found there sooner or later, I was told. It

had been the scene of many an affray in which, with *navajos* drawn and *mantas* wrapped around their forearms, a pair of duelists would follow each other stealthily round and round, watching, like Don José and Escamillo, for the moment to make the fatal lunge.

Spanned by beams that had been blackened by ages of cigarette smoke and the soot of braziers, it was a dingy place, and, being on a corner, it was open to the street on two sides. Its beams were supported by a Roman column that may have been standing since the time of Trajan; the floor was of dirt, and in a corner were a low table and some well-worn cane-seat chairs. There were bottles on the shelves, coarse prints of bull-fighters hung upon the walls, and behind the bar stood its proprietor, a low-browed rascal with weasel-like eyes and a knife slash across his unshaven cheek. He looked a prince of cutthroats, but even he had a kindly greeting and a civil word, as did the other ruffians who leaned upon the bar, with their heads hanging forward, their elbows thrust out, and their hats tipped over their eyes. All wore short braided jackets and gaudy sashes, tight corduroy trousers and coster-like buttons.

However, the honest workman of Seville, out for a holiday, or the *petit bourgeois* and his family picnicking in the environs under the shade of an olive tree, is even more affable than were these bullies. Andalusians such as these will welcome you and share their wine and cakes; their pretty daughters will dance for you, and in all the world there is, I believe, no people friendlier, wittier, or more gracious — an opinion inspired, in a considerable degree, by the recollection of a day long ago, when my wife and I drove to Italica, where are the ruins of a Roman amphitheater. Erect upon the box of our carriage sat a wiry little man, his broad-brimmed hat atilt, and not a crease in his short jacket; upon a tree-lined road the iron-shod feet of a scampering pair of Andalusian ponies, with bells and streaming ribbons on their harness, clicked merrily as one quaint village after another was passed, each with houses of a single story in a single street, their roofs thatched with fagots, their walls of white-washed stone or unpainted adobe or brick.

We passed shady places, too, where idlers played at cards, and there were purling streams in which lusty women with bared arms were

washing family linen; and always within sight were ambling donkeys and a nag or two with a man in the saddle and a woman seated sidewise behind him. There were goats and pigs aplenty also in every village street, as well as importunate beggars in rags, and at many a crossroads gypsies were dancing, while now and then a drunkard was to be heard snoring by the roadside. Everywhere were rolling meadows tufted with olive trees, and far away a silvery river, on the bank of which stood Seville, outlined against an azure sky, with her white walls, her fifty church towers, and her beautiful Giralda.

Thus an hour passed, and we reached a moss-grown amphitheater, where donkeys were browsing amid the ruins. Before the *podium*, where Roman magistrates once sat, a party of picnickers was dancing the *seguidilla* to castanet and tambourine. Seeing us, the men of the party approached, with glasses in hand and smiles on their lips. It was not a tip they were after; to offer one would have been an insult. In exchange for their refreshment, I offered Turkish cigarettes; then, picking some wayside flowers, I gave them to the girls, who smiled and showed their pretty teeth and danced again,

not the vulgar *flamenco* or the *tango*, but the charming dance of Seville with its agile movements and graceful poses.

To-day, alas, you are hurtled out to Italica in a motor car, too fast to see anything except scampering goats and pigs, or the shaking fists of angry peasants who have either been splattered with mud or smothered in dust, but in Seville at the time I have had in mind, the horse reigned supreme; the *beau monde* being then to be seen on daily carriage parade in the Paseo de las Delicias, a tree-lined promenade beside the Guadalquivir. So much of a social necessity was a carriage then that the same one was sometimes let to two or three families a at time, each of which possessed a pair of doors emblazoned with its arms for use on the days reserved for it. Sometimes, too, so it was whispered, the proud ladies within these phalansterian vehicles were fashionably dressed above the waist only, their time-worn skirts and down-at-the-heel shoes being hidden from view by a carriage robe.

Those ladies of Seville were a pleasing sight, nevertheless, when driving beneath the walls of the Torre del Oro, a sight akin to that of the

ladies of Paris in the Bois, or those of Rome upon the Pincian Hill. Perhaps Las Delicias is more comparable to the Cascine, at the time when King Victor Emmanuel II dwelt in the Pitti Palace, for, like the once popular park of the Tuscan capital, it extends along a river-bank and is shaded by trees. It, too, has a palace in its midst — the red-walled San Telmo, surrounded by the gardens of Maria Louisa. Once that Infanta's private domain, there the populace now wanders beneath spreading trees, breathing the odor of roses and syringas.

But in the Paseo de las Delicias near by, Sevillianas in French carriages with Parisian bonnets on their shapely heads are now seldom to be seen, the motor car having destroyed the charm of this promenade, too. I can see, in memory, those ladies of another day driving slowly back and forth in the shade of spreading trees, while bowing in a stately way to acquaintances, or, to the friend who passes, quickly opening and closing the palm of an upraised hand, in the intimate salutation peculiar to their land. The carriages, built in Paris by Binder or Muhlbacher, had horses whose tails were fashionably docked; but occasionally a

Spanish barouche drawn by mules would lumber by, an olive-skinned, fat lady of an older school and her demure daughters, with incipient mustaches on their lips, seated upon its time-worn cushions, all with mantillas adorning their ebon hair. Occasionally, too, a four-in-hand from the country would pass with jangling bells upon its harness, or on a bridle path an Andalusian stallion would be seen arching his neck, a slender rider, with broad-brimmed hat and braided jacket, astride him, his feet encased in Moresque stirrups. Smart hussars and gunners, too, in uniforms of blue and gold were to be seen cantering their chargers beneath the trees, and perhaps a pretty *cocotte* dressed *à la bolera* would pass in a Spanish cart, or else a *char-à-banc* filled with bull-fighters.

In the days of which I have been dreaming, the society of Seville, graceful, tasteful, and refined, was elegant within the true meaning of the word. It was somewhat dull, however, few balls being given, while dinners were almost unknown. But it drove in the Paseo and went to the opera, called punctiliously after a death in a family, and on feast days paid formal visits. Intensely proud of itself and its traditions, this

society lived in palaces, on the marble stairs of which, when the portals were opened, stood tall footmen attired in gorgeous liveries. Its members were courteous to the stranger, too, who was invited, not once, but over and over again to the opera, or to drive, and if the stranger were a lady, flowers were showered upon her, and a masculine arm was extended to her whenever she ascended or descended a flight of stairs.

During the *feria*, the fair that follows Holy Week, Seville's punctilious society plays host to the nation and the world in the Prado de San Sebastian, where the fires of the Inquisition once burned. Though organized for the purpose of selling cattle, the *feria* is in reality a kermis, and to this *prado*, when evening approaches, the families of the city go to their *casetas*, or little temporary houses. When lights begin to glimmer in Chinese lanterns, the click of the castanet is heard. Until midnight ladies, in the colorful costumes of the province, dance with cavaliers, while a strolling populace looks on.

It is befitting that the ladies of Seville should so disport themselves, since during the preceding week they have, with pious faces and in somber gowns, waited for the *pasos*, or re-

ligious processions to march through the silent streets of their city. They have crossed themselves reverently, too, whenever a sacred image passed, preceded by a *confradia*, or lay brotherhood, whose sable-gowned members, with lighted candle in hand, wore cowls with no opening except two slits through which peered terrifying eyes.

To see these doleful processions, the world flocks to Seville in Holy Week and remains to enjoy the *feria;* yet I prefer visiting the fairest city of Spain when it is possible to reach my room without stumbling over weary sight-seers sleeping in the corridors of my hotel. Yet the time of my visit must be spring; for then the acacias burst into leaf, and even the girls of the tobacco factory as they come forth after a day's work, with flowers in their hair, appear almost as alluring as they have been acclaimed.

Spring is the time of *alegría*, but not the season to see the paintings of Roelas, Herrera el Viejo, and Murillo, or even to view the Casa de Pilatos, the Lonja, or the town hall, rich though it be in medallions, pilasters, and beautiful friezes. Rather is it the time to sit amid flowering plants in the *patio* of a friend's house,

where a fountain is playing, or to wander in the gardens of the Alcazar where the orange and citron grow, and the air is sweet with their odor. There cool shadows are cast upon moss-grown pavements, and everywhere are hedges of myrtle and cypresses cut in fantastic shapes; there, too, are magnolias and sweet lemons, Moorish kiosks, and fountains in which gold-fish glitter while water trickles from the mouths of stone lions. Soothed by the air of these shady gardens, one's thoughts wander to the days when Maria de Padilla, dark-eyed mistress of a cruel king, languished beneath a ceiling delicate as lace, in a palace gorgeous with arabesques of ivory and gold; or else one dreams of the time when the Flemish courtiers of Charles V strolled beneath rustling leaves amid the laughter of wantons.

IV

SPANISH SPORTS

It would be difficult for me to justify the national sport of Spain, it being undeniably cruel; but it is, at the same time, fascinating, exciting, and alluring; in short, the finest spectacle of modern days, comparable only to the gladiatorial shows of ancient Rome. The tier upon tier of seats, crowded with excited faces; the beautiful women with their graceful mantillas; the soldiers in uniform, and the sandy arena, with its array of glittering *toreros* in the glaring sunlight, and the blue canopy of the sky above combine in forming a picture never to be forgotten. The tragedy, too, in which the skill and daring of man are matched against the strength of a ferocious brute, fascinates while it disgusts, and appeals in quick succession to one's pity, anger, and inborn love of contest.

A liberal Spaniard once said to me that so long as there were priests and bull-fighters in Spain, the country could not progress, a gen-

eralization in which there is considerable truth. So far, at least, as bull-fighters are concerned, the country would unquestionably be better without them. Still, Spain without *corridas de toros* would scarcely be Spain. Like American baseball, bull-fighting has degenerated, it being no longer a sport for gentlemen, but a hippodrome performance in which the actors are hired ruffians. In this it resembles the gladiatorial sports of Rome. Although Hispania Romana was the most Roman of all the provinces, it is questionable whether bull-fighting has any connection with the gladiatorial fights of Rome beyond an undoubted similarity.

On the contrary, there is much evidence to prove that *corridas de toros* were unknown in Spain until the coming of the Moors. Suetonius, Pliny, and other Latin writers who describe in detail Spanish games in the arena, make no mention of combats between bulls and men, while most authorities look upon bull-baiting as a survival of the African and Moorish custom of hunting boars, there being frequent mention in the early Spanish chronicles of the public baiting of boars. With the spread of agriculture, the bull presented, no doubt, a more ac-

cessible as well as a more formidable adversary. If bull-fighting be not of Roman origin, it is decidedly of Roman character; while the Spanish people, for centuries the most Latin of Roman provincials, still possess enough Roman traits to enable them to take kindly to a sport that is, in sentiment at least, a heritage from the Cæsars.

Bull-fighting was probably well established in the Peninsula as early as the eleventh century, but the first *fiesta de toros* that has been recorded took place at Avila in 1107 on the occasion of the marriage of Blasco Muñoz. There Moors and Christians vied with one another in prowess, and in succeeding ages these *fiestas* became a part of the national life. In the earlier days of bull-fighting, the sport was confined to knights and gentlemen, and, like the tourney, it became the means of testing knightly prowess. There was no fighting on foot, and the horses used were splendid chargers, trained to move quickly and to avoid the onslaught of the savage beast. It was in every sense a magnificent sport, testing the skill of both horse and rider.

Peter the Cruel, as his name might imply, was

a lover of bull-fighting, and carried his ferocity so far that at Burgos, in 1351, he had the body of the murdered Garcilazo de la Vega thrown from a palace window into the public square to be trampled upon by the bulls. But the great patron of bull-fighting in the Middle Ages was Alvaro de Luna, masterful Minister of King John II, and the best lance and most accomplished courtier of Spain. During the reign of this king, a bull-ring was established at Madrid, in which the flower of the Spanish nobility vied with Moorish cavaliers; thus to *torear á cavallo* became an indispensable accomplishment of every knight. It may be said to the credit of Isabella the Catholic that she never witnessed a bull-fight, and was only induced to abandon her intention of prohibiting the sport by a promise on the part of the noble toreadors that the horns of the bull should be blunted and rendered harmless by encasing them in leather shields, as is done in Portugal to-day.

Bull-fighting flourished under the House of Austria, and the *fiesta* given by Philip IV on the occasion of the visit of Charles, Prince of Wales, in 1623, was one of unusual brilliance. With the arrival of the Bourbons, French tastes and

fashions took possession of the Court, and bull-fighting, like everything else that was Spanish, fell into disfavor at Court and was abandoned to the common people. It was then that the art of fighting on foot supplanted the finer sport on horseback.

There were a few *fiestas* given by the Bourbons to appease the popular appetite, but bull-fighting degenerated and became mere bull-baiting. But eventually a class of professional *matadores* sprang up, first among whom were Francisco de Romero and the brothers Juan and Pedro Palomo, all living in the early part of the eighteenth century. However, the master spirit who established the code of tauromachian honor practically as it exists to-day, and who also reorganized the sport on popular lines, was José Delgado Candido, known to the populace as Pepe Illo, who died in the arena at Port Saint Mary on the 24th of June, 1771.

It was reserved for that base despot, Ferdinand VII, to regenerate the national sport of his land by inducing his dissipated nobles to enter the arena in emulation of the knights of Alvaro de Luna. But Ferdinand did not stop there, for the very day he abolished the Uni-

versity of Seville he granted a royal charter for the establishment of a tauromachian academy in the Andalusian capital. Situated in the suburbs, perhaps by intent conveniently near the quarter where the tobacco girls dwell, it is supplied with a miniature bull-ring where the students may practice, as well as with stables, sleeping-rooms, a restaurant, and other appurtenances calculated to make it the most perfect educational institution of its kind.

Bull-fights are expensive luxuries, so, except on rare occasions, they are given only in Madrid and the provincial capitals. The season commences at Easter and closes in the autumn, Sunday being the day usually chosen for the sport. The profits are often destined for the support of hospitals, and, with unintentional irony, a fight was once held in Madrid for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The larger bull-rings are under the superintendence of societies of noblemen and gentlemen called *maestranzas*, established by Philip II in 1562, for the purpose of improving the breed of Spanish horses. The king is the *hermano mayor*, or elder brother, of these societies, which are known as the *maes-*

tranzas of Ronda, Seville, Granada, Valencia, and Saragossa, the last-named having been established by Ferdinand VII as the city's reward for its heroic defense against the French. They are distinguished by striking uniforms, and, as gentle blood is a requisite, the honor of membership is much sought.

The breeding of animals for the ring is a great industry, and so carefully have the savage traits of the Spanish bull been cultivated that he is probably the most courageous beast in the world. There have been several fights in Madrid in which bulls were pitted against lions, tigers, panthers, and even elephants, but the bulls were invariably the victors, except in the case of one famous elephant who developed a marvelous adroitness in defending himself with his tusks. The finest bulls in the days when I was familiar with the sport were bred by the Duke of Veragua, at his *ganadero* near Toledo, and he told me that when the railway was first built to that city, the bulls attacked the locomotive without the slightest hesitation.

The operation of driving the bulls selected for the ring from the country to the *plaza de toros* is almost as exciting as the fight itself.

They are enticed by tame oxen — *cabestros* — into a road barricaded on both sides, and then driven at full speed to the bull-ring by mounted *conocedores*. These horsemen are armed with lance-like poles, and the bulls are encouraged by shouts and cries. Crowds are out to welcome them, and many a beggar who cannot afford the entrance price to the arena struggles for a front place at the *encierro*, in order to vent his hostility to the bull by taking a sly poke at him as he passes. Bull-baiting, in fact, is enjoyed by Spaniards of all classes, even children playing at the national sport in imitation of their elders.

No gayer, sprightlier crowd could be imagined than Spaniards on the way to the *plaza de toros;* women with their mantillas and large combs, their fans and their vividly colored garments; men with broad-brimmed hats and short braided jackets; *matadores* in carriages, cheered by the crowd as they pass; *picadores*, with lance in hand, on horseback; soldiers, *guardias civiles*, street urchins, beggars, mules, donkeys, and everything characteristic of the peninsula are there hurrying merrily toward the arena, all happy, good-natured, and keenly interested.

Inside the amphitheater the *aficionados*, or 'fans,' as they would be called in America, are seating themselves on the stone benches, arguing, betting, and discussing the sport in the peculiar vernacular of the bull-ring. Peddlers, meanwhile, are selling oranges, shrimps, and *aguardiente*, the native distilled liquor; the band is playing, and women adorned with white mantillas, whose dark eyes flash with enthusiasm, are entering the boxes. Suddenly, trumpets blare, and toreadors march across the arena to salute the president — the *alguazil*, or constable, who heads the procession in somber black, forming a funereal contrast to the *matadores*, *chulos*, *banderilleros*, and *picadores* in glittering gorgeousness.

When the trumpet sounds again, the president tosses the key of the *toril*, or bull-pen, to the *alguazil*, who catches it in his hat, unless he be unskillful, in which case he calls forth a storm of hisses. Then the door of the pen is opened and the bull dashes amazed and startled into the sandy arena; whereupon the drama commences — a drama filled with agility, skill, daring, patient suffering, brutal cruelty, unflinching courage, and wild enthusiasm, but,

alas, without pity. The wretched horses, faithful servitors of man, meet the ferocious onslaught of the bull with a patience which is heartrending; their bloody entrails cover the sand; they fall, but stagger to their feet again, bearing their brutal riders until the last breath has left them without calling forth the slightest sign of pity from the Spanish throng. It is '*bravo toro, viva toro,*' or, '*tunante, cobardo, picaro,*' according as the bull is brave or cowardly.

When the slaughter of the horses is over and the skillful play of the *banderillos* commences, a foreigner may share the enthusiasm of the Spaniard for the sport; the agility with which the darts are placed in the bull's neck being so astonishing that one may even forget to pity the bull as he writhes in torture, and, like the native spectator, applaud the *matador*, or killer, when he enters the arena to salute the president and swear to do his duty.

In the combat that follows are pitted skill against force — intelligence against passion. A tense and intricate psychological study of the characteristics of the victim ensues before the fatal thrust is made. Could the horses be

spared, and if the man at once faced the bull alone and vanquished him, as he does after the brute's energy is expended, and he fights only with the desperation of a dying beast, bull-fighting would be worthy to be classed as a sport.

Bull-fighting is not, however, the only blood-thirsty diversion of Spain, for on Sunday morning cocking-mains are held in many a *renidero de gallos*, or cockpit; but since Spanish cocks fight without artificial spurs, the Spaniard maintains that in this respect, at least, he is less cruel than the Anglo-Saxon.

The *renidero* is a miniature amphitheater covered with a roof in which the seats are arranged in tiers, those nearest the ring being reserved for annual subscribers. In the center is the ring, a low, circular platform covered with a coarse matting and surrounded by an iron paling. Scales for weighing the cocks are suspended from the roof, and in a neighboring room are a number of darkened coops where the birds are kept preparatory to the contest.

The *habitués* of the cockpit, sharing the characteristics of our race-track and prize-ring touts, are low-browed ruffians, most of

them, with brutal faces, who are addicted to loud clothes and brilliant jewelry. One I recall would have made an alderman jealous, for he wore a gray plaid suit with broad black braid, and a frilled shirt in which an enormous diamond sparkled, while his jeweled watch-chain might have served as a ship's cable. He was fat, and his greasy jowls fell in folds over a rakish collar; a cigar was cocked between his lips, his broad-brimmed hat was aslant, and as a typical 'sport' it would be hard to find his equal. Upon inquiring his calling, I learned that he was the contractor for the meat of bulls killed in the arena, and of the horses, too, I suspected. There were several bull-fighters, too, among those present at the only cock-fight I ever witnessed, and I doubt if an American prize-fight could have collected a more representative gathering of the 'sporting fraternity.'

The first proceeding in the order of ceremonies was the weighing-in, a function performed with punctilious solemnity. Then the cocks were placed in the pit — a white youngster full of dash, but lacking in experience, and an old red veteran, who had already lost a part of his comb and an eye in previous duels. A few pre-

liminary flutters and a dash or two at each other's heads aroused the excitement of the *aficionados*, who stood up in their seats and made bets freely, the veteran cock being the favorite.

At every onslaught, new bets were made and the enthusiasts grew more excited. The scene resembled the Chicago wheat-pit, every one shouting at once, each trying to find takers for bets without missing a single incident of the contest. Meanwhile, the cocks attacked with recurring vigor; feathers flew, blood ran freely. The tactics adopted by the veteran bird were worthy of a higher intelligence. He let the youngster make the fighting and dodged his onslaughts; then, when the fury was spent, he attacked his retreating foe vigorously, administering deadly pecks about the head and neck. Finally the younger bird fell exhausted; whereupon the scarred veteran uttered an exultant cackle, and, jumping upon his prostrate foe, proceeded to peck out the remaining sparks of his life.

After a knock-out a bird is allowed two minutes in which to rise. If he fail to do so within the allotted time, or if ever he refuse to

fight and runs away, his rival wins the main. Sometimes the birds are killed outright; sometimes they are only temporarily injured. In an adjoining room is the hospital where the birds are doctored after the fight. Their heads are bathed in arnica and a long feather is shoved down the throat to remove the clotted blood, after which the invalid is placed in a darkened coop to recover as best he may.

Pelota de cesta is one Spanish game, however, which is manly and vigorous, and comparable to the best of Anglo-Saxon sport. Indigenous to the Basque provinces, it is called in Cuba *jai lai*, and is now enjoyed throughout the Spanish-speaking world. It resembles racquets and is played in an oblong court about four times the length of a racquet court, and having a smooth-surfaced wall at each end. The ball is similar to a racquet ball, but the player, instead of wielding a bat, has a basket-work scoop bound tightly on his forearm with which to serve or return the ball. The game is played sometimes with two, but more often with three on a side, the lighter players forward and the stronger back, where more endurance is required. The spectators sit at one side, the ball

being played the long way of the court. When the game commences, the forward player of the side that has won the toss serves against the wall toward which he is facing, the ball remaining in play until a miss is scored against one of the contending teams, whereupon the service passes to the other side. A miss counts as a point for the opponents, and a game consists usually of fifty points.

There are the usual number of rules about false strokes, fouls, etc., which accompany games of the sort, but the fundamental principle of *pelota* consists in receiving the ball in the scoop and whacking it against the opposite wall. It is a game calling for great agility and extreme endurance, the play being, moreover, so rapid that from the untechnical spectator's point of view it is more interesting to watch, I should say, than either tennis or racquets. Although there are occasional amateur contests, the games, which call forth crowds and upon the results of which bets are freely made by bookmakers in attendance on the side-lines, are those played by professionals, who are usually from the Basque provinces, their headdress, the *boina*, a cap somewhat resembling a tam-o'-

shanter but without the tuft, being worn by all *pelota* players.

Although in the hands of professionals, *pelota* compares favorably with the most athletic of our own sports, it being a game of which the Spaniard may well be proud. I have often hoped that its growth might eventually redeem the country from the curse of bull-fights and cocking-mains. That hope, apparently, is about to be realized, for, when I attended a bull-fight in Madrid not long ago, the crowd, although it was the opening *corrida* of the season, did not fill the seats and was wholly without the distinction of old time bull-fight crowds. No longer were the boxes filled with beautiful women in white mantillas, the Infanta Isabella, ever an ardent *aficionada*, having been almost the only woman so attired, and I suspected her of being almost the only Spanish lady of quality present. A number of my own countrywomen were there, however, and in the seats was a crowd of men and boys who in dress and manners resembled the bleacher crowd at the Polo Grounds, the movies and ready-made clothes having made the whole world kin. I saw but one bull slaughtered, and left in disgust. On

the way back to my hotel, I passed a football field where the crowd was larger than at the *plaza de toros*, football having all but supplanted bull-fighting, I was told, in the hearts of the Spanish people.

Recently the Spaniard has apparently made an effort to rid his national sport of its cruelty; for now, so the papers say, horses, at least in Madrid, are no longer permitted to be slaughtered. The bull is still killed, however, which fact calls to mind a scene in a comedy by Mr. Noel Coward, in which Miss Marie Tempest appeared in London not long ago. 'Spain is very beautiful,' says one of his characters. 'Yes,' replies another, 'I've always heard Spain was awfully nice.' 'Except for the bull-fights,' continues the first speaker. 'No one who ever really loved horses could enjoy a bull-fight.' 'Nor any one who loved bulls, either,' is the laconic answer of his companion. Even without horses, it will continue to be a cruel sport; therefore it is to be hoped that football will supplant it in the hearts of the Spanish people.

V

CORDOVA

CORDOVA, the magnificent seat of Arab learning, birthplace of Seneca, Lucan, and Averroës, and capital of the Omeyan Caliphate, where the light of learning glowed during the darkness of the Middle Ages, is now a sluggish, sun-baked remnant of departed glory. Christian bells toll in the muezzin tower of Islam's fairest mosque, Christian priests mumble prayers where the faithful once turned their faces toward Mecca; but the city, in spite of the fact that it is the chief town of a province and one of the military centers of the kingdom, is a city of the dead. Toledo was the capital of the Goth, but he leaves little to mourn. Granada, more often associated with Moorish Spain, was the last splendid effort of a decaying race; but Cordova, in its prime, was the vigorous epitome of all that was strong and good in Islam. No other city of the Mohammedan world attained the intellectual standard of the capital of the Omeyan Caliphs.

The mosque of Cordova — I begrudge the name cathedral — is one of the marvels of the world; the town, one of its mockeries. Still, in spite of slothfulness and dirt, Cordova is not without charm; for, while its glory has departed, it is pleasurable to wander through its tortuous streets, with their low whitewashed houses and dingy little shops where the cobbler or the coppersmith is at work — shops that are a relic of Moorish days, for they are but the booths of an Oriental bazaar, Christianized by an occasional picture of a saint.

It is fascinating, also, to flatten yourself against a wall in order to let a string of meek-faced donkeys pass, even though you fall a prey to the nearest beggar who, taking you thus at a disadvantage, thrusts a festered wound or handless arm under your very nose. The beggars of Spain! They deserve a passing tribute, not to their filth or their persistency, but to their courtliness, for each one, if he were washed and dressed in liveried finery and given a staff of office, might fill with credit the post of majordomo.

I hear that beggars were abolished in Spain the other day, by dictatorial decree. If this be

true, the land has lost an element of its population which delighted both Velasquez and Murillo, as well as Zuloaga, and lent a charm to the streets of Cordova.

The older portions of the city represent that blending of the Orient and the Occident so typical of southern Spain, the houses being such as are to be seen in Morocco to-day, but in place of joyous mosque and minaret is the stern parish church; instead of the white burnoose of the Arab, the black robe of the priest. There is scarcely a straight street and few that are wide enough for two carriages to pass, the city being like one of those mazes in palace gardens in which one wanders for hours, unable to find the way out.

In roaming through the old town, you stumble upon relics of the Roman and Moor, and through many a graceful archway a glimpse is to be had of a cool *patio* where palms and oranges are growing, and a fountain is splashing lazily in an alabaster basin. Warriors of stone, in pillared niches, are to be seen, too, standing guard over patrician houses on the façades of which are carved escutcheons; but when you extricate yourself from a network of crooked lanes to

enter a broad and dusty boulevard, called the Calle del Gran Capitán, your eyes are horrified by the sight of ornate modern structures that are either glaringly white or else tinted purple, green, or pink. Like all things in Spain that are new, this boulevard is ugly; yet the Cordovan points to it with pride, as evidence of his city's progress.

There is a *paseo*, too, laid out with oppressive regularity, where a band plays on Sundays, its listless musicians smoking cigarettes assiduously during unconscionably long intervals. Here soldiers and housemaids come to listen to the music, and perhaps a limousine with blazoned panels tarries for a time on the edge of the crowd, but this modern Cordova makes one wish that Spain might sleep forever.

In the suburbs there is a chapel erected to a virgin of supposed healing powers, on the outer walls of which locks of hair, crutches, bandages, babies' clothes, and other emblems of miraculous cures have been hung by grateful convalescents. Here are crude paintings, too, of the Virgin appearing to bedridden sufferers and bidding them rise and walk, and seeing them one understands more readily the power of priest-

craft over the superstitious people of Spain.

Surrounding the chapel of the Virgin of the Holy Fountain is a garden in which roses grow in abundance, and the crone in attendance gave me a bouquet. As I passed out of the gate, I saw a painting of purgatory, and pictured her buying masses for the repose of souls of her relatives, for to what better use could the coppers of an unbeliever be put?

Cordova has gates of *tapia*, and castellated walls on which the Moorish sentry once paced his weary beat. In a Cordovan barrack-yard, not long ago, I saw Christian recruits, undersized and awkward, being drilled for slaughter on Riffian battle-fields. They were so ignorant, so docile, that in pity I left them, to cross the Moorish bridge that stands on piles erected, it is said, by Octavius Cæsar. Its seventeen arches are crumbled and moss-grown, and, instead of the tramp of Roman legions or the clatter of Arab horses upon them, the tread of patient donkeys wending their way to the market-stall is now to be heard, but a brown river flows, as it has through the ages, toward Seville and the sea. On its banks are Moresque mills and the nets of fishermen, and on the edge of a vast

plain, out of which the crumbled walls of Moorish watch-towers rise, the Sierra Morena is silhouetted against a sky such as Velasquez and El Greco painted.

The Calahorra Tower, with its polygonal barbican, still guards this bridge, as it did when Saint Ferdinand besieged the town, and when the knights of Peter the Cruel were halted by the waters of the Guadalquivir; but in Cordova, now, though the river still flows swiftly past it, a bishop's palace and a cathedral choir tower huge and ugly above the walls of a beautiful mosque. Beside the stream is the Alcazar, once a palace, but now a prison where wretched convicts languish in foul courts while a sentry watches on an ancient tower. Its gardens, where Moorish kings once wandered with their harem favorites, are rank with weeds; a few basins of sluggish water alone remaining where once were Moorish baths. But the building of surpassing interest is the great mosque of Abdur-Rahman I, the Mecca of the West, with its *mihrab*, or holy of holies, equivalent in the eyes of the ancient Moslem world to the Caaba of the Prophet at Mecca.

Purest example of Moorish religious archi-

tecture, this mosque was built in the most powerful period of Mohammedan rule; its style, unlike the Alhambra, being simple yet vigorous, its proportions magnificent. It has none of the lacelike tracery, so suggestive of veiled sultanas and redolent perfumes, that is to be found in Grenadine architecture; impressive in its simplicity, it is yet so vast that one is fairly bewildered by its seemingly endless forest of pillars. Thousands of gold and silver lamps once hung from its roof, and its myriad arches were studded with emeralds and rubies, but the whitewash brush of the Christian fanatic has removed the last trace of infidel magnificence, and a choir, impressive to be sure, but out of harmony with the simplicity of the Moslem edifice, has been reared in the center of it, that Christian priests may chant the glories of the conqueror.

Only the holy of holies gives even a partial impression of the former glories of this mosque, its shell-shaped ceiling being hewn from a single block of marble and its walls decorated with three-lobed arches resting on marble pillarets. The mosaic of its cupola, the work of Greek artists from Constantinople, surpasses the finest Byzantine art in Italy or the East; the flint

glass and metals of their handiwork having actually the appearance of velvet and gold brocade.

In the *mihrab* was kept the pulpit of Al Haken II, fashioned of ivory, wood, and precious stones, and clenched with gold and silver nails, which contained the Koran made by Othman, and a precious relic stained with his blood, enclosed in a box covered with gold tissue and embroidered with pearls. Now Christian incense burns before a high altar where once the Moslem turned his face toward Mecca, for when Saint Ferdinand the Conqueror entered Cordova, his first act was to purify this mosque and dedicate it to the Virgin.

Chapels and altars were added immediately, but not until 1521 was the great transept and the choir begun — a work designed by Hernán Ruiz and finished by his son, Diego de Praves. This transept and choir form a cathedral in themselves, but the huge retable of bronze and jasper, as well as the sixty-three choir stalls, minutely carved from mahogany by Pedro Cornejo, although intrinsically beautiful, seem out of place.

The prelates who reared them felt that in

Christianizing a great mosque they were glorifying God; yet there were protests against the desecration even at the time, the municipal corporation, with a judgment rare in such bodies, having cried out against the bigotry that led to such a profanation. But the Emperor Charles V, unacquainted with the nature of the contemplated work, gave his acquiescence; so the center of a noble forest of pillars was hewn away to give place for a monument to intolerance. Charles lived to regret the sacrilege he had permitted; and on passing through Cordova at a later day, he reproved the chapter by exclaiming: 'You have built here what you or any one might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world.'

Said Ben Ayub added, I believe, to the mosque of Cordova the Patio de Los Naranjos (Court of the Orange Trees), with rows of trees that correspond to the rows of columns within the mosque itself, and I am grateful to him, for I found it a delightful place in which to tarry in the shade of Moorish walls to watch the idlers who loiter about its cool fountain. There dark-skinned girls, wrapped in bright shawls, are to be seen leaning gracefully upon their earthen

water-jars while gossiping; there bright-eyed urchins play and beggars sun themselves, while water flows into a stone basin, and the wind soughs through the leaves of palms and orange trees.

'Do not talk of the court of Bagdad and its glittering magnificence,' wrote a Moorish poet; 'do not praise Persia and China and their manifold advantages; for there is no spot on earth like Cordova, nor in the whole world men like the Beni Hamdin.'

After reading other Moorish descriptions it is easy to believe this bard, for Cordova once covered a space of ground ten miles long, all lighted at night by lamps. The walls around the Alcazar were two and three quarters leagues in length; the city was divided into five large districts separated from one another by high and well-fortified walls; the suburbs, said to have been twenty-one in number, were provided with mosques, markets, and baths, and even the approaching traveler was given a foretaste of the luxury awaiting him, *manzils*, or rest-houses, being provided on the entering highways for his gratuitous entertainment. There were seven gates, and in the midst of the city stood the *kas-*

sabah, or citadel. Other edifices were of a less warlike nature, the Caliph having his palace of contentment, his palace of flowers, his palace of lovers, and fairest of all, his palace of Damascus; while the more humble Moslem spent his leisure hours in the Golden Meadow, the Garden of the Waterwheel, or the Meadow of Murmuring Waters.

Without the gates was a palace built over the Guadalquivir on arches, and one that was called Dimashk, of which another poet wrote: 'All palaces in the world are nothing when compared to that of Dimashk, for not only has it gardens filled with the most delicious fruits and sweet-smelling flowers, but beautiful prospects as well, limpid running waters, clouds fragrant with aromatic dew, and lofty buildings. But its earth is always perfumed, for morning pours on it her grey amber and night her black musk.' Oriental extravagance, to be sure, but extravagant only in metaphor.

Even more marvelous than Cordova itself was the suburb and palace of Az Zahra, to the building of which Abdur-Rahman the Great devoted one third of the revenues of the State during a period of twenty-five years; while for

fifteen more years the work was continued by his son.

The enclosing wall of this palace was four thousand feet in length, from east to west, and two thousand two hundred from north to south. Four thousand three hundred columns of rarest marble from Africa, Rome, and Constantinople supported its roof; the halls were paved with marble laid in a thousand patterns; the cedar ceilings were ornamented with gilding on azure ground and damask work with interlacing designs; while the surrounding gardens were filled with marble fountains and kiosks, where the sultanas passed their idle hours. Not a vestige of this marvelous creation remains, not one stone upon another, to mark the site of an edifice of which it was written, 'no words could paint the magnificence.'

But Cordova's greatest achievement lies, not in its palaces or mosques, but in its learning and liberality. At a time when Christian Europe was imbued with barbarian ignorance and superstition, the arts, philosophy and literature, medicine, surgery and chemistry flourished at the capital of the Omeyan Caliph; and although bigotry enthralled the followers of Christ, His

worship was tolerated and even encouraged by the Moorish rulers. The Caliphs, moreover, encouraged writers and men of science, and through the munificence of Abdur-Rahman, the city's well-endowed university became the resort of students and philosophers; thus learning thrived in this Moorish city during the darkest hour of Italian ignorance and papal oppression.

Within fifty years after Hildebrand triumphed at Canossa, Abn'l Walid Mohammed Ibn Ahnad Ibn Mohammed Ibn Rosht, the preserver of Aristotle, was born at Cordovæ. Yet this great scholar, known to the European world as Averroës, was but one among the learned doctors of Cordova. He enjoyed but little reputation among his compeers save as a clever physician; for he founded no school in Islam, his fame being due to Christian doctors, who discussed and misunderstood his commentaries, rather than to his fellow countrymen. The works of Averroës had the misfortune or good luck to incur the deadly hatred of the followers of the Spanish Dominic. Thus this Arab student, unnoticed by his compeers, stands before the world as the most learned scholar of Moorish Spain; while the names of Abubacer, Abenzoor,

and the other philosophers, scientists, and poets who made Cordova great, have been forgotten. Even the fame of Avenpace might have perished had not Averroës criticized his philosophy.

During the days of Cordova's glory, Spanish priests, though tolerated and even encouraged by the Caliphs, alone among the subject population were bitter and uncompromising in their hatred of the Moors. Unwilling to accept toleration, they reviled the Prophet, and courted death rather than live under the liberal government of the Caliphs. Perfectus and Eulogius and the other so-called martyrs of Cordova were but fanatics, who cried aloud in the great mosque that the 'Kingdom of Heaven is reserved for the Christians; for the Moslem miscreants are prepared the fires of Hell.'

Near Cordova the heirs of Perfectus and Eulogius live upon a hillside where, tonsured and barefooted, they follow the austere rules of Peter the Hermit. Stretched beneath an olive tree, I lay at length upon the grass near their retreat, one afternoon, gazing at a tawny plain on which was a white city. I heard the droning of these monks, and realized that al-

though the civilization of the Moor had perished, and the power of Christian Spain had waned, the voice of intolerance had not been silenced.

VI

GRANADA

Of the views to be seen in Spain I find none so enchanting as that from the Vela Tower of the Alhambra. Below are the red battlements of the Moorish fortress; across the rushing Darro the gray-white town is piled high on the hilltops; beyond its jumble of tile roofs and hanging balconies the green Vega, dotted with olives, poplars, and the walls of villages, stretches like a carpet toward the purple mountains of Malaga. To the north the rugged Sierra Nevada raises its snow-capped peaks, and high on the hillside beyond the towers of the Alhambra the white arches of the Generalife glisten in the sunlight. Myrtles and oranges grow amid the ruins at one's feet; across the river a Carthusian monastery, perched like a sentinel of Christ upon a hillcrest, triumphantly overlooks the troublous Albeicin quarter, to recall stern Ximenes and his unrelenting treatment of the conquered Moor. But wherever one turns are memories,

for there is the gate against which Boabdil's lance was shattered as he went forth to disaster, and across the Vega the gray towers of the Santa Fé, reared by an invading host, rise dimly from the plain. In fancy one sees the smoke of the conqueror's torch and the dust of Moorish cavalry upon its last foray.

To speak of Granada is to speak of the Alhambra; yet I falter at treading in Washington Irving's footsteps. The hotel beneath its walls bears his name; his books are sold by peddlers; guides, with an air of reverence, show the room in which he slept; and everywhere is felt the presence of the American man of letters who has preserved the memory of the Moor. Indeed, only the suspicion that 'The Conquest of Granada' and 'Tales of the Alhambra' no longer find the readers they deserve emboldens me to write of the places they commemorate.

The Alhambra has been called a palace-fortress, and such it was in the days of its prime. So numerous are its buildings, clustered upon the long promontory between the Darro and the Genil, that it was named by the Arabs '*Medinah Alhambra*'; that is to say, 'City of Alhambra.' From the reddish color of the walls the

word 'Alhambra' has been interpreted to mean 'red castle.' More probably is it derived from *Kasru-l-hamra*, signifying the Sultan's palace, *Kasr* being a corruption of *Cæsar;* but whatever the origin of the name may be, this palace is of more recent workmanship than other Moorish ruins, for while the promontory on which it stands was long fortified, the Alhambra itself is mainly the creation of Ibn-l-Ahmar, the founder of the Masrite dynasty.

Cordova was the capital of Moorish Spain during its prime, and, upon the breaking-up of the Omeyan Caliphate into numerous petty kingdoms, Seville rose to prominence. The feuds that ensued between the various Moorish sovereigns nearly destroyed the Arab power entirely; but invasions of the Almoravides and the Almohades, two semi-barbarous tribes from Africa, infused new vigor into a declining race and prolonged Mohammedan rule until the year 1212, when, at the battle of Navas de Tolosa, the power of the Almohades was crushed.

Barely more than a century later, both Cordova and Seville surrendered to Christian arms and the little mountain kingdom of Granada

became the refuge of the Moor. There, by wisely acknowledging the suzerainty of the Kings of Castile, he was able to avert his downfall for two centuries.

The Grenadine was luxurious, effeminate, and contentious, his history being one of war, rebellion, and palace intrigue; for when he was not fighting the Christian he was plotting, or else, surrounded by all the luxury his ingenuity could devise, idling in his harem. His art was refined, but it lacked the vigor shown in the works of the Cordovans. Its very effeminacy, however, gave it a delicacy that has made the Alhambra the most beautiful among the Moorish ruins of Spain.

Sympathy for the Grenadines, who were but the remnant of a mighty power, has made the two centuries of their history overshadow the five centuries of Moorish grandeur at Cordova, their last struggle against the power of Ferdinand and Isabella having been chosen as the topic of many a romance and poem. Miserable Boabdil, rebel, traitor, and tool of women, has become a hero at the expense of his brave father and still braver uncle, merely because it was he who surrendered the keys of Granada to the

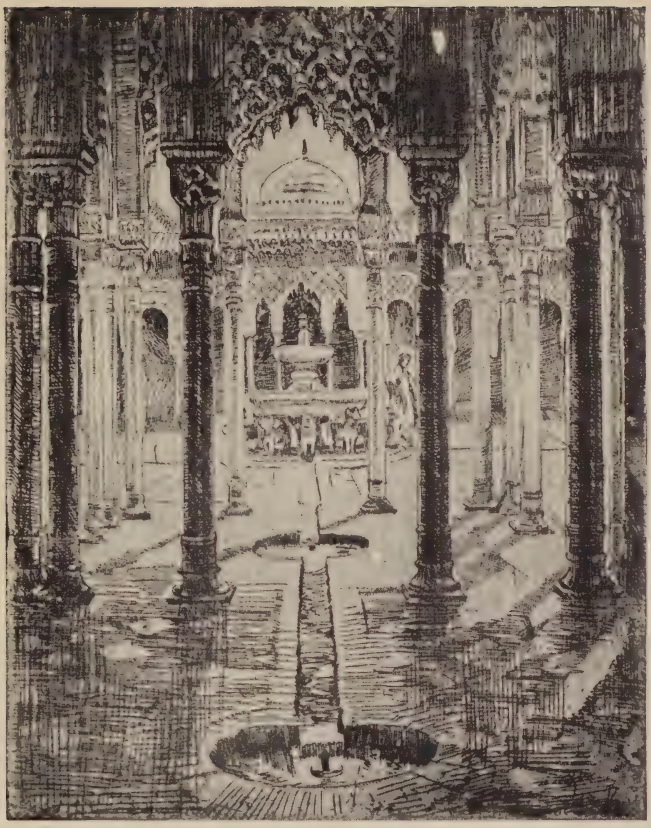
Catholic Sovereigns. Contempt rather than pity should be felt for one who, when he looked for the last time upon the towers of the Alhambra, stood 'crying like a woman for the kingdom he could not defend like a man.' What a wretched successor was he to the great Caliph, Abdur Rahman Almanzor, or even to Al Ahmar, the founder of the Grenadine royal house! Yet the notable names of Moorish history have been forgotten while that of this poltroon lives on.

The Alhambra, too, as regards grandeur, although not beauty, has attained a preëminence among the world's monuments that is undeserved, an earlier and more vigorous phase of Moorish art having been exemplified by the Mosque of Cordova, a structure ascetic in spirit and free from frivolous ornamentation that reflects the robust character of its age. The Alhambra, on the contrary, expresses the effeminacy of a declining age. Its ornamentation is excessive, its proportions even paltry, yet no other Moorish monument holds such enchantment as does this palace of the Grenadine kings.

Rather than attempt to describe its beauty minutely, I prefer to saunter through its shady

courts, tarrying for a moment now and then. In the Plaza de los Algibes (Court of the Cisterns) are the castellated towers of the fortress itself, the entrance to the Moorish palace, the church of San Nicholas, the unfinished Tuscan palace of Charles V, and the dwellings of the Alhambra leeches who thrive on travelers. There, at a glance, may be seen vestiges of Roman rule and Arab dominion side by side with monumental evidences of Spanish intolerance and Austrian conceit; while the vagabonds who loll in the sun make one realize that the glory of the past is no more. For, just as my fancy begins to picture the Plaza de los Algibes alive with turbaned Moors, resplendent in colored silks and armed with jeweled scimitars, a horde of begging miscreants surrounds me, and I am forced to seek peace within the palace itself.

In a cool *patio* surrounded by stalactite arches, I come upon a dozen stone heraldic lions supporting an alabaster basin, and long to tarry, but a stern custodian is on guard, whose duty is to prevent touring vandals from defacing tiles or filigree work. However, a word of greeting, a cigarette, and a tip induce him to produce



COURT OF LIONS, GRANADA

a rickety chair from behind a column, and, after he has placed it in the entrance to the Hall of the Abencerrages, to retire discreetly, leaving me to enjoy the enchantment of the spot undisturbed. Beyond the fountain with its lions gazing heavenward are marble steps leading into the Hall of the Two Sisters, and here, in bewildering profusion, are lacelike arches, some flesh color, others white, and others still that are rosy in tint, or else a delicate azure. Flanked by alabaster columns is a double *mirador* through which orange and cypress trees are to be seen spreading their branches in the Lindaraja garden.

Upon the tiles behind me are the dark blotches said to be bloodstains of the Abencerrages, a family of Granada murdered by Boabdil as the tyrant's reward for their assistance in placing him upon his father's throne. But rather than examine the fables of the Moor in the cold light of history, I prefer to enjoy Irving's tales of fair sultanas and their Christian lovers, of cruel caliphs and plotting viziers; for then the Alhambra becomes alive with tramping warriors whose scimitars rattle in their sheaths; and from its *miradores* veiled harem favorites are to be

seen looking down upon lithe dancing girls moving to 'the pleasing of a lute' and the clash of cymbals; while a bearded king, reclining on a silken divan, sips fragrant sherbet from a golden cup.

Throughout the Alhambra are grace in design and charm of color. It is a bewildering maze, as well, of colonnaded halls and galleries in which a myriad arabesques are interwoven. In it, too, are tiled courts where the shadows of myrtle hedges are cast upon the waters of fountains in which goldfish are swimming; and there are outer walls set with delicate balconies where, from a dizzy height, one may gaze upon the rushing Darro and white Granada. Yet these are scarcely half of the Alhambra's charm, for there are crumbling towers with fairy chambers in which sultanas dwelt, as well as mosques, baths, and halls of justice.

Still, the Grenadine kings were not content with their fortress palace and in summer dwelt on a hillside above it in a villa called the 'Generalife,' a name that is said to signify 'Garden of the Dance.' Neglect and the whitewash brush have marred its beauty, but its many fountains and its gardens, with their orange

and lemon trees, their evergreen arches and yews twisted into fantastic patterns, give partial evidence of the charms it encompassed during the days of its prime. Once the host of Ferdinand and Isabella was marshaled on the plain below — the soldiers and prelates who for ten long years had waged relentless war upon the Moor. With the Christian Sovereigns was Gonzalo de Cordova, whose deeds were soon to be acclaimed throughout Europe and win for him the sobriquet of 'the great captain.' It was the hour of Christian triumph when hapless Boabdil came forth from the city to surrender the keys of Granada, and Mendoza, the stern Cardinal, hoisted with his own hand the banner of Castile upon the Vela Tower.

In the same year Columbus went forth from Palos. He had been in the besieging camp of Santa Fé, where he pleaded his cause until, disgusted by royal temporizing, he turned his face toward France. But a messenger from the Queen overtook him upon the Vega, and he returned at her behest to add another world to Castile-Leon. He gave Spain a glorious opportunity, but she proved unequal to the task. Since then four centuries and more have passed,

and only yesterday the Moor and the Spaniard were warring upon one another.

'There is no conqueror but God' is a sentiment that is chiseled in a hundred places on the walls of the Alhambra, and its truth is exemplified by sluggish Granada with its narrow, winding, and ill-smelling streets. Its houses are taller than those of Seville, and have more balconies, but the walls are not so white. In fact, Granada is more like a Castilian than an Andalusian city, there being little to attract the visitor who wanders down the steep Alhambra hill. Curiosity shops are there, to be sure, to entrap the unwary traveler, and in the narrower streets there are dashes of local color in the shape of dingy booths, panniered donkeys, and tattered beggars. Pretty girls, too, lean on balcony rails; yet, taken as a whole, the city has the forlorn air of 'decayed gentility.'

But those girls of Granada have a delicacy and softness to their skin, a richness of color in their cheeks that, combined with glossy hair and flashing eyes, make them the perfect type of Spanish beauty. It is a comeliness that is facial, however, since but few Grenadines have good figures. In modern hats and gowns

they appear both fat and awkward; yet in the simple black dresses and mantillas which they wear when going to mass, they are still the Spanish beauties of one's imagination.

When I visited Spain in boyhood, the *manola* dress — with short skirt and a silken shawl, a high comb, and a lace mantilla — was frequently to be seen in Andalusia; but now even the dancing girls wear clothes of modern pattern. The men, too, wore the *bolero* jacket and skin-tight breeches, the *palainas*, or leggings, the *faja*, or broad sash, and the *calañes*, or round hat, with *ponpons*. Now, even in remote country places, Spanish dress is no longer to be seen, even the cloak having all but disappeared.

In every Spanish city there is a cathedral, and since that of Granada is looked upon by one modern authority as being 'among the finest churches in Europe,' while to another it appears as 'the triumph of Spanish Renaissance architecture,' the intention of its architect to make it second to no church in the world except Saint Peter's would seem to have been fulfilled. Nevertheless, I find it second to several even in Spain itself, for, while its proportions are fine, it is so crowded amongst the surrounding houses

that it cannot be seen to advantage; and while its interior is no doubt impressive, it lacks, I think, the majesty and mystery that are to be found in the cathedrals of Seville, Toledo, and Burgos.

Its decoration is overcolored — even gaudy, its attractiveness as well as its chief interest being found, I should say, in the chapel. Slender, palm-like columns lend a charm to this chapel that is absent in the larger edifice, and effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella are to be seen in its gloom, kneeling beside an altar on the retable of which are bas-reliefs representing the surrender of Granada. In its center are the alabaster sepulchers of the Catholic Sovereigns, together with those of Philip I and crazy Jane, and on its wall these words are sculptured: 'This chapel was founded by the most Catholic Don Fernando and Doña Isabel, King and Queen of Spain, of Naples, of Sicily, and Jerusalem, who conquered this kingdom and brought it back to our faith; who acquired the Canary Isles and Indies, as well as the cities of Oran, Tripoli and Bugia; *who crushed heresy, expelled the Moors and Jews from these realms, and reformed religion.*'

Wherever one turns in Granada, historical lessons are to be read. In the church of San Geronimo, for instance, Gonzalo de Cordova is buried. It was he who, by defeating the armored knights of France again and again with his Spanish infantry, revolutionized the art of war, and who, without money and without men, maintained the Spanish power in Italy, only to be rewarded by the base ingratitude of his master, the miserly and crafty Ferdinand. The two geniuses who created the empire of the Catholic Sovereigns were Columbus and Gonzalo de Cordova. Each died of a broken heart, ingratitude being not alone the reward of republics, but of monarchies as well.

Among the many unprincipled vagabonds I have met throughout Christendom, I am inclined to give the palm in rascality to the Grenadine gypsies. No sooner do you come within sight of their foul village of caves dug in a hillside than you are surrounded by a mob of clamorous and filthy urchins who dog your footsteps until in a fetid room you are seated upon a rickety chair in order to witness a performance for which you have to pay an unconscionable price. Instead of being the lithe and beau-

tiful *gitanas* you have visioned, the dancers are fat old women whose gyrations exceed in vulgarity any to be seen in the cabarets of Paris or New York. In fact, I was thankful to be able to flee from a foul robber's den crowded with unwashed rascals, who looked as if, for a peseta, they would gladly stick a knife between my ribs and throw my corpse into the rushing river below.

In the part of the city which in Boabdil's day was called the Albeicin quarter, Moresque houses are still to be seen, as well as quaint little shops that look like the booths of an Oriental bazaar, and now and then are passed doorways through which a glimpse is to be had of white Moorish arches and an alabaster fountain.

In the environs of the city, excursions are to be made across the Vega to Santa Fé, or through the gorge of the Darro to the Church of Sacro Monte, with subterranean chapels erected to commemorate its miracles; and if you have an inclination for roughing it, you may visit the Moor's last refuge in the Alpuxarra Mountains, where, after the fall of Granada, the Moors, or Moriscos as they were then called, defied the power of Spain.

A series of pitiless little wars ensued, in one of which Don Juan of Austria won his spurs. These rebellions of the Moriscos present a story of treachery, brutality, and reckless bravery that is horrible and at the same time fascinating. Indeed, in the hills around Granada almost every stone has its thrilling or pitiful memory. A few miles from the city is a hamlet called Zubia to which, during the siege, Queen Isabella rode from the camp at Santa Fé in order to obtain a view of the Alhambra and the land of the Moor. A sally was made from the city and the Queen escaped capture — miraculously, of course; a shrine to the Virgin who appeared visibly for her protection having been erected by her to commemorate her escape.

Amid laurel and cypress trees the ruins of this chapel are still to be seen, and loitering among them for a last view of white Granada upon its four hills and the red Alhambra outlined against mountains with snowy peaks, I breathed a sigh for the Moor who made his land the seat of learning and refinement. Where his vines and olives once grew are desolate tracts; sleepy and ignorant are now the cities in which his art and science flourished.

VII

PEASANT AND KING

In spite of tyranny in bygone days, Spain is a democratic land in spirit, her most liberal and reassuring feature being the people. The lowly Spaniard commands respect. His land may appear to be centuries behind the times, and he slothful, yet he expects to be treated as a man and an equal; for, as Count Giuseppe Pecchio wrote a century or more ago: 'When a Spaniard presents himself before a great person, he does not bend like a reed, nor does he stammer and become embarrassed; rather does he salute him, and behave as a man should in the presence of a fellow man.'

The Spanish peasant has a democratic air, a mingling of civility with a sense of equality that is delightful; but he is a patient creature or he would not have endured so much. Perhaps he is a philosopher as well, who believes that in poverty lies the solution of happiness, since to have nothing and to want nothing rob

life of its worries. Evidently the lowly Spaniard's maxim is that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; for he goes through life with a patience and a cheerfulness that are refreshing. Only in Barcelona does he throw aside his air of contented humility, in order to become an anarchist. But the Catalán has never been a true Spaniard.

The Castilian, like his wind-swept land, is somber and cold. He is self-contained and proud; and although he walks abroad with an air of equality, not to say superiority, to his fellow men, he is apt to be morose and unbending. The Galician, on the other hand, or even the Navarrese, is more blithesome, but to find true good fellowship one must turn to Andalusia. There the sun shines and the castanet clicks; the girls are ever smiling, and the gallants at the windows whisper words of love with an ardor that is truly of the South.

The Andalusian is a child of nature, who breathes the free air of heaven as though it belonged to him. He is impulsive and natural, and he walks with a careless swing that is at once jaunty and self-respecting. His morals may be open to question, but his manners

never, for his courtliness is not oppressive, and he has not enough familiarity to breed contempt. Unlike the Castilian, he unburdens his heart to the stranger and makes him feel at ease. Offer him a cigarette, and be he the humblest of beggars, he will receive it in a manner that bespeaks friendliness tempered by respect; but brush him aside in contempt and he will leave no means untried to make your life uncomfortable.

English travelers whose manner toward servants is often overbearing do not find themselves well served in Spain; but no servants in the world are more considerate and attentive than those of the Peninsula, provided they be treated as though they were human, a friendly word or a smile going further with them than a handful of silver. It may seem unduly familiar, even to an American, to have the waiter smoke a cigarette while serving you; it may shock you to find him entering into the conversation, but he does this rarely, and then only with a desire to impart information or to correct an erroneous impression he has chanced to overhear.

These waiters, besides being democratic, are communistic as well, their custom being to pool

their tips; consequently, you do not tip individuals, but upon leaving an hotel you give the head waiter a sum to be divided among all. At the Washington Irving in Granada, there was a waiter who had remembered me from a former visit, and who was at the same time unusually attentive. Wishing to give this man a special reward, I presented him with a tip which I requested him not to divide with his fellow servants. When the waiters were gathered at the door of the hotel to receive the conventional fee, this over-honest servant told his comrades that he had already received a sum apart, which he felt in duty bound to contribute to the general fund. This man, who would have fulfilled the requirements of Diogenes, was, incidentally, a widower with seven young children.

The Spaniard has been misgoverned during so many centuries that he looks upon his Government as legitimate prey, and since it defrauds him he will defraud it whenever the opportunity presents itself; consequently, he is by nature a smuggler, his smuggling without compunction being comparable to that of many an American since the passing of the Volstead Act.

Tobacco, being a Government monopoly, is the popular contraband; and in spite of the carbineers who swarm along the coast, and of coast-guard ships that scour the seas, the inhabitants of the seaports appear to have little difficulty in evading the authorities.

One day, upon leaving Algeciras, a town which, owing to its proximity to Gibraltar, is a nest of smugglers, the conductor of the train entered my compartment, and, after glancing about with a mysterious air, lifted the cushions of the seats and proceeded to fill his pockets with packages of tobacco. On being asked if he was not afraid of detection, he said that he felt safe at the hands of first-class travelers, who were invariably gentlemen. He had been a conductor on the line for several years, he told me, and had carried on quite a thriving contraband trade. Judging by the manner in which they had passed my baggage, the carbineers shared, I suspect, in his profits, but such peculation is to be found even in the hemisphere discovered by Columbus.

There are some Spanish officials, however, who are incorruptible, and those in places where their example should prove most salutary; that

is to say, in the prisons. I have visited six or seven of these in different parts of Spain, and each time the accompanying guard, though his salary was but a pittance, politely refused a fee for his trouble, saying that the receiving of gratuities was absolutely prohibited.

The lot of the Spanish prisoner, however, is wretched in the extreme, for with the exception of the *Carcel Modelo*, or model prison, in Madrid, and the women's prison at Alcalá, those I saw were loathsome dens of a kind in which I should like to see incarcerated for life the gunmen who terrorize our American cities. The only compulsory labor was domestic work, and that, certainly, was poorly performed. The cells reeked with filth, their inmates being a ragged and dirty lot, huddled together without even the solace of hard work. They slept on straw mattresses spread on stone floors, their two daily meals consisting of rice and beans, and a small loaf of bread; but in looking down from an upper window upon the inmates of the Sevillian prison, while they were eating their morning meal in a courtyard, I could not help thinking that, no matter what his surroundings may be, the Spaniard is attractive to the eye.

The poor creatures were squatting on the floor in groups of from ten to twelve. In the center of each was an earthen pot filled with the routine mixture of rice and beans. The prisoners had no plates or forks, and only a few were fortunate enough to possess a spoon; all, however, were reaching into the common pot, and gobbling at a pace that betrayed a fear that comrades who were faster eaters might obtain an undue portion of the wretched repast. But, in spite of misery and filth, the grouping was picturesque, the costuming attractive, and above the white prison walls was the blue Andalusian sky. I have been speaking, it is but just to add, of a condition that existed a score of years ago, for on more recent visits to Spain, I did not visit any of the prisons. The Spanish authorities realized the necessity for improvement, even at the time of which I speak, as was evidenced by the prison of Madrid, where each convict had his cell and silence was imposed during the first period of the incarceration, the *Carcel Modelo* being well named, for it was admirably constructed and was kept scrupulously clean.

Spain is, perhaps, the most conservative na-

tion in Europe, as the ploughing in many places is to-day done by wooden ploughs and the wheat threshed with flails. The wine is preserved in goatskins and the muleteer still trudges beside his cart, livening his weary way with song. Upon greeting the traveler at his wayside inn, the innkeeper regales him with the gossip of the neighborhood just as his sires have done for centuries, the courtyard being still crowded with high carts, the muleteers of which huddle about a charcoal brazier, while the night watchman, trudging past with lantern and pike in hand, calls forth the hour and the state of the weather as in the days of Don Quixote.

Being children of the soil, untainted by contact with the world, the peasants of Spain have so many admirable qualities that, in my enthusiasm for them, I am forgetting that they are lacking in ambition. They work faithfully and long, hence they are not slothful; yet they eschew machinery and ask no better lot than that of their fathers. I doubt if anywhere there is such poverty as is to be seen in some parts of the Peninsula. Only the other day, in the beautiful harbor of Vigo, I saw a ragged old man and a half-naked boy, who had paddled

out to the side of my ship in a leaky boat, picking up refuse as it came from the scuppers and devouring it ravenously.

To one familiar with the East Side of New York, a Spanish tenement house, or *casa de vecinos*, as it is called, might appear in the light of an earthly paradise. Not that there are no evidences of squalor and poverty within it; on the contrary, dirt is plentiful, and the Spanish poor are poorer than our own; but there is plenty of air and sunshine, while the surroundings are attractive to the eye. The tenements open upon a *patio*. Instead of gazing into a filthy city street, flanked by ungainly fire-escapes, the Andalusian poor man looks from his doorway upon whitewashed walls and growing palms. There is a blue sky to cheer him, birds chirp in their cages, and a fountain cools his courtyard, while bright-eyed girls loiter beside it; from an artistic point of view, at least, the *casa de vecinos* leaves little to be desired. Its quarters are small, however, and its smells are not of the sweetest; yet the lot of the poor Spaniard has much to commend it, his wants being few and his diversions many, and his heart undisturbed by politics. His religion, in

holding out hope, while commanding fear and teaching obedience, protects him to a considerable degree from political unrest.

In some countries the laboring classes are apt to look askance upon the well-to-do and treat them with suspicion; but the Spanish artisan will share his sour wine or coarse bread even with a foreign heretic and talk to him as man to man without a semblance of dislike or disrespect.

Chancing to enter a Sevillian pottery one New Year's morning, I heard the sound of voices and castanets. The proprietor explained that he was giving his workmen a little entertainment in honor of the day, and his invitation to participate in the festivities was so cordial that I could not but accept. In the *patio* I found some thirty potters, in holiday attire, and the proprietor's daughter was dancing the graceful *Sevilliana* with one of them. Her mother was dispensing food and drink, and all were singing and keeping time with the dancing by clapping their hands. Had they been Americans, the entrance into their midst of a foreigner would have occasioned embarrassment, if not resentment; yet every man there greeted me

with a smile, shook hands with me cordially, and then, clicking glasses with me, drank my health.

Dances and songs followed, and among those humble potters were some clever comedians, the best, by far, being a fat little chap with a face like Coquelin's, whose quaint humor was irresistible, and whose songs were the source of great applause; a glass of *aguardiente* handed him by the pretty daughter of the house being always sufficient to produce an encore.

One song he introduced with these words, delivered in solemn, priest-like tones: 'Ladies, gentlemen, and distinguished Yankee, I will now sing a song, the like of which has never been heard in Triana, or even in Seville, no singer of the Cervantes Theater being able to compete with my vocal talent. This song I will sing in the language of old Andalusia, which no one here can understand; but in order that its rare humor may not escape the audience entirely, I will sing each alternate verse in English.'

Thus prefaced, he sang a humorous but extremely indelicate account of the adventures of a young nun, seemingly without the slightest regard for the presence of the proprietor's wife

and daughter. At the end of each stanza he solemnly announced that the next verse would be sung in English — it was, of course, rendered in the local dialect.

But wherever you may chance to meet a party of merrymakers in Andalusia the reception is the same; you are invited to share their food and drink, and if you unbend and meet them halfway, your reception is so cordial and sincere that you are tempted to believe that nowhere is the spirit of good-fellowship so rife as among the common people of Spain.

The women of the people are more attractive, I think, than those of the aristocracy, there being a piquancy about them that is refreshing. Their voices are harsh, it is true, but their eyes are filled with fire, and the poise of their heads gives them an air of coquettish defiance. They are fond of color, and wear dainty shoes, and their meager wages are squandered on elaborate coiffures; for while they are contented with a calico gown and a gay-colored shawl, their hair must be arranged in the latest mode and their feet well shod.

Dancing is the favorite pastime of the South, the girls of Seville, Cadiz, and Malaga being

found throughout Spain. The *Sevilliana*, especially, is lithe and graceful, while the dance which bears her name is free from the sensuous movements of the *tango*, or the *baile flamenco* of the gypsies. Each city in the South of Spain has its particular dance, such as the *baile de Malaga*, etc., and there are special ones, too, like the *baile Manchera* and the *Soleada*, some being for one person, others for two, usually a man and woman, who face each other and dance a *paso doble*, as it is called — or others still, like the *fandango*, for a number of persons. In none of them, however, do they embrace as in waltzing, the movements of the arms playing as important a part as those of the feet.

Like Russians, Spanish men are often lighter on their feet and more agile in their movements than their women. Quite the most spontaneous dancing I saw in Spain was a *baile* arranged on the spur of the moment while a party of us were breakfasting on Christmas morning at a suburban café of Seville. A couple of clever guitarists had been engaged to play Spanish music, and when breakfast was over and we were smoking our cigarettes, one of them suggested a dance on the part of our waiter and our cabman, who

he said were no mean performers. The cabman was summoned from his perch on the box, and, fortified with a glass or two of the wine of Jerez, he and the waiter ran the whole gamut of Andalusian dances, while we Americans kept time with our hands, in Spanish fashion. Graceful and lithe, and with the finished movements of a professional *bailarín*, the cabman threw his heart into his work, while the waiter proved to be an admirable foil, who, in the dry humor of Andalusia, interpolated droll remarks, and between the dances regaled us with characteristic songs of the people.

It is an unfortunate thing for Spain, and perhaps the secret of her misfortunes, that she does not possess a large and homogeneous middle class. Only the petty shopkeeper stands between the patrician and the peasant, and, except in industrial centers such as Barcelona and Bilboa, even he is not thrifty and frugal like the French bourgeois.

The poor are hopelessly poor, and the nobility are too closely bound by pride and tradition to descend to work. Isabella and Philip little knew the injury they were doing to their beloved land when, in the name of religion, they

banished hundreds of thousands of their most useful subjects. But Spain, as I have said, is a democratic land, the intimacy between nobleman and peasant, or master and man, so frequently depicted in old comedies, being still found throughout the Peninsula. Though this democracy is sentimental rather than institutional, its spirit exists in the hearts of the people, from the highest to the lowest, King Alfonso XIII in particular being truly a Spanish monarch who is loved for his democratic ways. In fact, I have heard his fellow countrymen say that were the monarchy to fall and a republic to rise in its stead, it would surprise no one in Spain if the King were to be acclaimed unanimously as its first President.

But the populace of every land is fickle in its admiration, therefore as to the likelihood of such a happening at the present time I venture no opinion. Indeed, my only meeting with His Majesty occurred at a time and in a place that made it difficult to judge how widespread was his popularity, for it happened in Barcelona but a year or so after his enthronement. Serious riots had taken place in that turbulent city not long before, its university, even, having

been closed in order to stop the revolutionary agitation of its students.

It took courage, therefore, on the part of a young king still in his teens to venture into such a hotbed of anarchy, and, as I was a guest aboard an American yacht at the time, I remember feeling that it took courage, as well, on the part of her owner to venture into a Spanish port but a short time after the guns of Admirals Dewey and Sampson had ceased to roar; a fear that proved to be groundless, however, for no sooner had quarantine been passed than the Commodore of the Barcelona Yacht Club came alongside to extend, in English perfectly spoken, the privileges of his club and to invite those aboard to attend a reception that was to be held on the morrow in honor of King Alfonso's first visit to Catalonia.

Fearful that a bomb might be exploded, the ladies of the party remained aboard the yacht, but my host and I ventured forth in a six-oared gig, and, upon reaching the Yacht Club, were received by the Commodore and his fellow members with a cordiality to make us wonder if it were possible that the red and yellow banner that fluttered above it and the flag that hung at

the stern of our gig had flown in the smoke of battle on the ships of opposing fleets so short a while before. No sooner had we disembarked than the King and his glittering cortège arrived; whereupon we, instead of being herded with the club members during the welcoming ceremonies, were invited to stand beside His Majesty.

It was not a time for conversation, but it gave an opportunity to view the young king at close hand. I found him to be alert as well as democratic in manner. In Barcelona, at that time, he was no doubt in peril of his life, but he did not glance about furtively in search of lurking danger, as he might well have done, but took a nonchalant interest in our gig lying alongside the club's landing-stage. Instead of listening to the speech of welcome or searching the faces of the crowd for enemies, he eyed her critically from stem to stern, as if he were a lover of yachting and knew the good points of our little craft.

When I read of the courage displayed by him during the dastardly attack that was made, on their wedding day, upon him and his lovely wife, I was not surprised; for in a city of unrest,

where the crown he wore was hated, I had seen him 'calm in his voice, and calm within his eye,' and knew that he possessed courage, the quality that men admire. He displayed the unsnobbish manner, too, that is so marked a characteristic of his race, for while, when the occasion demands, a Spaniard may be lordly with his equals, he treats his inferiors with a familiarity quite unknown, I venture to say, in the more sophisticated and affluent portions of the United States.

VIII

PROVINCIAL TOWNS

In the provincial town, away from beaten tracks, one sees Spanish life as it has existed untainted during centuries. Undisturbed by modern unrest, the town sleeps on; for even the railway skirts its suburbs, a mile or more away, as though fearful of disturbing its quiet. Before a stuccoed station ragged *vagos* with gay *mantas* slung across their shoulders loiter in the sun, their bronzed faces animated by idle curiosity. The inevitable pair of civil guards, with neat uniforms and glistening equipment, is there to scrutinize the crowd with an authoritative air, but, since Spanish trains do not worry about time, not until the engine-driver has finished his cigarette and the station-master has sufficiently discussed political gossip with the guard does some one ring a bell. Then a whistle is blown, the bell is rung again, and finally, after much gesticulation and waving of hands, the train that has brought you to the

provincial town draws slowly away, and you are left standing on a platform, to admire the temerity of those who have invaded such a land with locomotives and iron rails.

Outside the station two or three omnibuses are waiting, and possibly the motor car that has supplanted the *diligencia* that used to rumble in more seemly days to the white village perched on the side of a mountain, far away. Two rows of slender poplars with a dusty road between them converge upon the brown walls of a town, out of the midst of which cathedral spires are towering, and, when you have seated yourself beside a Spanish bagman or two, you are borne toward it to the jangle of bells and the clinking of hoofs, in a vehicle that creaks and rolls like a ship at sea, your companions smoking assiduously, meanwhile, and from time to time wrapping their cloaks tighter about their throats.

After you have been jolted until every bone of your body aches, the lumbering omnibus is halted and its remotest corners are searched for dutiable food and drink; then it rumbles on again, its adept driver swinging his team of horses and mules around corners in a way to scatter goats and chickens right and left, and

crowd wayfarers and donkeys against house walls, but not to injure a living creature. Then, in an arcaded street that is lined with shops and even has an advertisement of the Singer sewing-machine placarded on a wall, he brings his 'cattle' to a standstill before the door of an inn.

Before it stands a smiling landlord to greet shivering travelers, but it is colder, alas, within his hostelry than it is outside. There is a cheerless café, to be sure, in which leading citizens sit behind newspapers, but the wind whistles through its numerous cracks and crevices, and in it you are all but asphyxiated, while attempting in vain to warm yourself before a smouldering brazier, there being no cold so penetrating as that of Castile. Only while walking briskly in the sun is it possible to keep a semblance of warmth in one's body. I have felt so cold in a Spanish town in winter that I have slept in my clothes with my overcoat atop the blankets. I remember, too, being forced, in a provincial hotel, to wrap my napkin around my knife and fork, my hands being so cold that I could not use those implements otherwise.

Spain is sunny, it is true, but in winter, when

not in the sun, you will find it colder than Labrador itself. Nor will you, except in Madrid or the more cosmopolitan cities of the Peninsula, such as Seville or Barcelona, enjoy what the French call *confort moderne;* for not only in warmth, but in food, service, cleanliness, and all that the word 'comfort' connotes, and especially in plumbing, the hotels of provincial Spain are distinctly lacking. Beware, therefore, of the provinces, especially in winter, unless you are a confirmed globe-trotter accustomed to discomfort as a necessary evil of what Ovid called 'the delight of wandering in unknown places.'

In the dining-room of a provincial hotel, my seat was, with seldom an exception, at a long, cheerless table, the cloth of which was mottled with grease spots and wine stains. Around it, their dirty napkins spread across their bosoms, sat my fellow guests to whom, in accordance with Spanish custom, I bowed sedately before taking my seat. At the head of such a table sits a fat and bald *comerciante*, who, when not engaged in eating ravenously, vociferously impresses those about him with a self-importance that is accentuated by the deference with which a waiter, with a garlic-laden breath and a half-

smoked cigarette behind an ear, serves him an oily concoction that is called a *gazpacho*.

At that table, too, was a drummer from Madrid who gave himself metropolitan airs; likewise a sallow little man with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, whose vocation remained unknown to his fellow guests, for when the *Madrileño* turned to address the unknown, he slunk away in embarrassment without having spoken a word throughout the entire meal. Not so the man of importance, who refused to permit even the bagman to silence him, and when, to my discomfiture, he discovered my nationality, I became the target for so many embarrassing questions about Cuba, Mexico, and the Philippines that I was thankful when no more dishes cooked in oil and flavored with garlic were left for a shambling waiter to serve.

The hotel I have had in mind stood in the Calle del Comercio of a town of some ten thousand souls. Had it been in Main Street, I doubt if its food would have been less digestible or its guests more parochial, for in the provincial town wherever it be,

> 'They take the rustic murmur of their bourg
> For the great wave that echoes round the world.'

In a Spanish hotel I have sometimes been the only guest. The waiter then becomes my companion, and by the time I have finished my meal, I have learned the gossip of the village, the names of the people of importance, the woes of the land, the *peccadillos* of the parish priest, and all else of interest to the prosaic inhabitants.

In most small towns little is to be seen besides the streets and the people, the exception being those such as Burgos and León, in which there is a splendid cathedral. But if you have a fondness for grace and color, you may find them in any town of Spain, there being always a rambling principal street, with houses that are either dazzling white in sunlight, or dark in shadow, and cobblestones worn smooth by the tread of generations. In it, street urchins play, while housewives loll in doorways, and patient donkeys patter by, their little bodies hidden by huge panniers filled with charcoal or shining pottery. Sauntering through, you are sure to pass the door of a parish church on the steps of which beggars are sunning themselves; within, candles are glimmering upon an altar and tiny lamps are burning before the shrines of saints;

but the air you breathe, while somber priests are droning and ghost-like figures kneel in prayer, is like that of a tomb; so from it you flee, in case you are as unreverential as I fear I am, in order to seek a *taberna*, in which to warm a shivering body with *aguardiente*.

A *taberna* is a friendly place. Not only does the proprietor greet you with a smile, but also its patrons who sit warming themselves at a brazier. One fat landlord of such a place who beamed on me, his elbows resting on his bar, his casks and flagons in rows behind him, I remember well; for after he had served me, he would brook no refusal to an invitation to visit his still.

It was erected in a moss-grown courtyard, and apparently was operated legally; for, in broad daylight, I saw a charcoal fire smouldering under a huge earthen retort from which several coils of pipe led through a tub of water. Near by was a primitive winepress, too, worked by a big wooden screw and a lever weighted by stones. Yet my friend could not have been prouder of his plant had it been that of a great industry equipped with every modern appliance. In fact, he even insisted upon show-

ing me his house beneath which was his wine cellar.

In the *patio* the women of his family were grinding corn, just as women did in the days of Moorish Spain, while in the living-rooms I had a glimpse of provincial family life. The bedrooms, small but neat, had red counterpanes upon the beds and lithographs of saints upon the walls; but space was begrudged, and in both the living-room and kitchen casks, bottles, grapes, and raisins were stored. The *patio*, with its graceful arches and crumbling stairway, where women were squatting before their corn, would have attracted a painter, but I was glad to leave its odor of garlic and its dampness and reach a sunlit street.

In Ronda, the town in which this publican lived, there is a market, with a graceful Moorish colonnade and canopied booths, in which are piles of oranges and festoons of onions, but it is an indolent place, where the market-men doze in the sun and the donkeys blink their eyes while patiently awaiting the cry of '*arrhé borrico!*' to summon them to toil. In Ronda, too, there is a shady promenade, or *alameda*, and on its iron paling I leant one day, gazing at

the valley of the Guadalevin. In bold outline against a blue sky were snow-capped mountains; below, a river rushed by mills that were grinding corn as in the days of Moorish rule, then on past caves where Christian captives once dwelt, to surge beneath a noble bridge and to dash against the walls of a chasm before becoming a meek, submissive stream.

I thought of the days when Hamet El Zegri, the last Moorish Alcalde, returning with his cavalry from a raid upon the domain of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, spurred his horse up a craggy height, and, to his consternation, saw the white tents of a besieging army dotting the hillside and the standard of Ferdinand flapping in the breeze. Impotent to assail such a force, he smote his breast, while the cannons and lombards of the royal army battered down the towers and ramparts of his beloved town, its supposedly impregnable walls falling an easy prey even to primitive gunnery.

Stern Segovia, all ruin, all poverty, massive and austere, is another provincial town of which I have memories. An aqueduct built by Trajan spans it with three hundred granite arches — a monument to Roman skill. But an

old beggar told me that the devil built it in a single night to save a fair Segoviana, with whom he was in love, the trouble of going down to the river for water; she being so touched by this attention that she listened to his *jarabe de pico*, or honeyed words.

Segovia, pride of Old Castile, did not always sleep peacefully in the sun, her silent streets having once resounded with the cries of an angry mob. This happened during the reign of the Emperor Charles. The people, ever jealous of their rights, had become infuriated at a submissive *Cortes* for voting imperial grants without obtaining redress for popular grievances. Tordesillas, the representative of Segovia, being a bold and haughty man, returned to his native city to defend his conduct; and according to custom summoned his fellow townsmen to the church, that he might give an account of his actions in the *Cortes*. Infuriated at his insolence in attempting to justify his conduct, the multitude burst open the doors of the church, and, seizing Tordesillas, dragged him toward the place of public execution. The dean and canons came forth with the holy sacrament to awe the mob; the monks in the monasteries past which the

luckless deputy was dragged prayed that his life might be spared, or at least that he be given time for absolution; but, regardless of both humanity and religion, they hanged their victim head downwards on the common gibbet.

Thus began the revolt of the *comuneros*, an impotent attempt on the part of the common people to preserve their rights. It called forth one patriot and one unselfish woman in the persons of Juan de Padilla and his courageous wife, both of whom fell prey to treachery, the result being a tightening of the screws of oppression. Political liberty, in fact, was known in Spain before it was in England, the *Cortes* antedating Parliament, but in Spain, during the Middle Ages, the King usurped the rights of the people, whereas in England the people curtailed the rights of the King.

To-day the peace of Segovia is disturbed, not by angry mobs, but by rollicking cadets from the royal artillery school that is situated in a sequestrated convent. These dapper little future officers in smart uniforms are as free as students in a German university, for they are quartered where they please throughout the town.

When I visited Segovia, a friend gave me a line of introduction to his cousin who was pursuing his studies there, and I found him living with two other cadets in an old house of the town. He had with him, as housekeeper, the nurse who had brought him up, and who, during his cadetship, was brewing his coffee, mending his clothes, and making his bed. Fancy a West Point cadet with a nurse! But this young Spaniard and his chums were agreeable lads, who not only invited me to share their luncheon, but to see their school as well, with its desks, blackboards, scientific apparatus, and museum filled with military appliances.

The royal infantry school is at Toledo, and when I visited it I was accompanied by the Governor of the Province; consequently there was a flourish of trumpets and a beating of drums. This is not said vaingloriously, but in order that it may illustrate a courtesy for which Spain is justly famed. Would the Governor of any American State, accompanied by his wife bearing a bouquet, meet a pair of travelers without official position at a railway station, and for three days escort them about their city for no more tangible reason than the fact

that they had been commended to them by a friend?

In spite of such courtesy, however, my wife and I saw but a tithe of Toledo's beauties then, a gracious Governor having accentuated the importance of a military school and other governmental institutions, while neglecting places such as the museum in which are shown the canvases of Domenico Theotocópuli, or, as he is better known, 'El Greco,' and the house in which he is said to have lived. Luckily I have been able to visit the city at other times and have seen, at my leisure, its Moorish walls and its somber houses, its noble cathedral, its churches and its synagogues.

Toledo is, in fact, the most Spanish of cities, and it is long to be remembered, standing cold and gray against a blue sky, with the dark Tagus rushing beneath the graceful bridge of Alcantara. It is the see of the premier archbishop of Spain, as well as a seat of government, and is, in consequence, a provincial capital, rather than a mere provincial town. With such a cathedral as stands in its midst and the historical associations that cling to it of Roman, Visigoth, and Moor, Toledo is worthy

TOLEDO

of a chapter rather than a word. Yet so are Burgos and León, and other cities of Spain, such as Compostela, Tarragona, and Barcelona, in each of which is a mighty cathedral proclaiming the triumph, not only of Christ, but of Gothic art as well. Their very majesty, however, beggars any description of mine, for by it I am overawed. Therefore, let me seek refuge in these words of Mr. Havelock Ellis: 'For the typical Gothic of Spain we must go to Toledo and Burgos, to Tarragona and Barcelona. Here we find the elements of stupendous size, of mysterious gloom, of grotesque and yet realistic energy, which are the dominant characters alike of Spanish architecture and of mediæval romance.' Yet even these graphic words seem paltry; neither pen nor pencil being able to depict, I believe, either the beauty or the sublimity of Spanish cathedrals, they being temples worthy of God.

Alcalá de Henares saddened me. There was not even an omnibus at the station, so I was obliged to walk the length of the dusty, tree-lined road which leads to the town, then find my way as best I could to the dirty Fonda del Hidalgo, where I was the only guest. Cervantes

is said to have been born in Alcalá, and, since he was christened in the Church of Santa Maria, it would seem likely that such was the case. His statue has been erected in the Plaza Mayor de la Constitución, and in the town there is a theater bearing his name, so apparently he is more honored by his fellow townsmen after death than he was during his sad life. While a slave in Algiers, he was a man of importance, both feared and respected, a leader among men; but in his native Spain, while living, he was without honor and without competence.

The great University of Alcalá, founded by Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros, has been moved to Madrid, and in one of the dilapidated buildings in which it was once housed primary scholars now mumble their alphabets to a priest. But its sacred halls and arcades are crumbling, there being little to recall the flourishing days of an institution which sent seven thousand students forth to greet King Francis I of France, and cause him to exclaim: 'Your Ximenes has executed more than I should have dared to conceive; he has done with his single hand what in France it has taken a line of kings to accom-

plish.' Ximenēs was a man of ideas, the salaries of his professors being regulated, for instance, by the number of their students, their tenure of office being only for four years, at the end of which they became eligible for reappointment. There were no sinecures where he was master.

As Spanish trains run at unseasonable hours, when you leave a provincial town it is often after dark, sometimes just before the sun has crept above the surrounding hills, but a Spanish town by night is even more attractive than by day, for lights flicker then at the street corners and the little shops are illuminated. A motor bus may now take you to the station, it is true, yet there are still towns in Spain in which you will be driven there by a loquacious fellow who prattles away to both you and his mules. Of a certainty, however, the principal street will be filled with people of all sorts and conditions — old men with stooping shoulders and halting step; young gallants, *matones*, or town bullies, priests, soldiers, and beggars — all will be passing and repassing; and, if it is a garrison town, officers with clanking swords and rattling spurs will be strutting by, eyeing,

meanwhile, the pretty girls who loiter in doorways.

In the *taberna*, too, will be heard the click of castanets, and, when a team of mules swings round a corner into a less-frequented street, the clattering hoofs may disturb the song of a lone guitarist. Then the omnibus will leave silent streets with darkened houses to lumber down a roadway lined with poplars at the end of which the lights of a railway station are glimmering beneath a starlit sky, the provincial town being left to sleep, as it has slept for ages, unmindful of time, caring naught for progress, and content with its humble lot. But it will awake to the call of modernity, I fear — Ford cars, jazz, and motion pictures having well-nigh standardized the world. Already grinding gears and slithering wheels are disturbing its sleep of ages. Already, too, as in France and Italy, beautiful structures have been razed, and in their places have arisen garish apartment buildings that look as if they had been frosted by a pastry cook.

White Cadiz, oldest city of Spain, is still 'rising o'er a deep blue sea,' a vision of loveliness, but Malaga, although she sits in luxuriant

vegetation at the feet of snow-capped mountains, has been made unprepossessing by pretentious villas, casinos, and cafés, while Vigo, at whose forts the guns of Sir Francis Drake once roared in enmity, has become unconscionably modern, through the building in her midst of the largest and most sumptuous theater in all Spain, she having been made affluent by the ships of many lands that make her superb harbor a port of call.

In the center of La Coruña, too, on whose ramparts Sir John Moore was buried by 'the struggling moonbeam's misty light,' a lone skyscraper stands as the harbinger of utilitarianism, pragmatism, and the other isms that beset the present. Santander, moreover, has become not only a thriving seaport, but a fashionable watering-place, with an ornate casino, two bathing-beaches, a golf-course and a race-course; while San Sebastian, her even more fashionable neighbor, after having been sacked and burned by Wellington's troops, has been so modernized that scarcely a vestige of Old Spain is left except the filigreed earrings of her nursemaids and their embroidered jackets; for, in tidying herself to be the summer dwelling of

the King, she has even banished beggars from her streets.

But the spirit of Spain still lives, even in her modernized seaports, for no sooner do you leave a shady *paseo* on a water-front, where a band is playing and loiterers are sipping vermouth beneath a striped awning, than the odors of Spain ooze from doorways, while the creaking of an ox-cart or the muleteer's cry echoes from the walls. And when the lights begin to glimmer, lovers whisper at grilled windows, 'lovely Spain,' as Byron called her, being still 'the renowned, romantic land.'

THE END

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